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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence, as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Extinctus amabitur idem. That perhaps is the kindly note which stirred the nation at the close of yesterday's great rites. Ordinarily it belongs only to private grief and in the hour of loss. As for Friday's procession through London and the last scene at Windsor, they must have moved all spectators in more or less degree. Nine kings—England, Germany, Spain, Norway, Greece, Bulgaria, Denmark, Portugal, Belgium—attending this array!—it is a coup d'œil more imperial than any of Napoleon's at his zenith about the time of Tilsit.

The age of constitutional monarchy, by something like paradox, vies with the age of absolutism in pageantry. The scenes in London this past week have been extraordinary, and they have included a feature which was wanting in 1901—the lying in State of the King. There is much that is morbid in the spirit many of our people view death; but it would be wrong to say that the feeling which took such a vast mass, all ages and classes, to Westminster Hall was mainly a morbid feeling. The British race is not morbid.

Especially the scene in and about Westminster Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday was strange and mystical. A queue miles long starting at dawn and filing past the catafalque long after dark; and eager crowds who could not get into the Hall themselves waiting for hours at least to see those who had seen the catafalque! A lying in State, of course, always strikes the imagination of the mass of people. Many can just recall the lying in State of Napoleon III. at Chislehurst. There was a huge, eager, curious crowd there; but it was small compared with the crowds of this week.

The Chislehurst lying in State was a show; the pageant at Westminster Hall has been more than that. Kings, it may be, as a great man said, are not "a species but individuals"; and Edward VII. has been an immensely popular individual. He won and kept, no French Prince kept it securer and longer, the epithet of "Well-beloved". That accounts in part for the scenes in London this week, but in part only: the great hold which the Crown to-day has on the English people is clear to see in every crowd.

The Republican cult in England during the last forty years never seems to have appealed to more than a few cranks with one clever man; there was a feeling against the Crown when the Queen retired from public between 1865-1870; it died out long before the Queen's first Jubilee in 1887. Yet how small was that pageant against the series that have followed—1897, 1901, and 1910. English people are not subject to the reactions of some Continental nations; so it is safe enough to assume that these four great displays of deep national feeling have proved the Crown quite safe for long to come. Other things in our Constitution and evolution cause deep anxiety, but not this at any rate.

The grief of India over King Edward has a character of its own. To the Indian mind he was actual dispenser in all that was done in his name. Many of his Indian subjects have seen him. The native chiefs feel that they have lost a friend. King Edward was always mindful of their dignity and place; and set the example to his officers of a due recognition of their rank, as owning suzerainty to the Emperor, but independent rulers within their own domains. Their reception at the Coronation and on later occasions has made a feeling of real personal devotion. Even leaders of sedition will join in loyal protestation and with some sincerity. Always they have joined loyalty to the Ruler with disloyal opposition to his Government.

The feeling of the Indian people towards Queen Victoria was rather different. It was more widely spread, and more impersonal, as offered to a Sovereign

who succeeded to an abstraction—the "Kumpany Bahadur". Something, moreover, appealed to the Indians in the idea of a woman being ruler of a great Empire; and the Queen's head on the coins brought this knowledge into every zenana. The general feeling was akin to the reverence felt for the demigods of the Hindu mythology. When some rascal defiled with tar the white marble statue of the Queen in Bombay the act excited a feeling of horror; and the subsequent outbreak of the plague which smote Bombay first and worst was described by many as Divine punishment for the outrage.

It would be idle to wonder at the mysteries of precedence among princes, dukes, and grand-dukes that followed to Windsor on Friday. But two distinguished representatives of foreign Governments had no title at all. We could have asked no one more fit to stand for France than M. Pichon, her Minister for Foreign Affairs; and it was happy fortune that brought Mr. Roosevelt to London in time to represent the United States. All Europe has just established it firmly that Mr. Roosevelt is America.

The pageants of London could not have been so impressive had it not been for the London police. True, the British crowd has wonderful patience. It can wait with good temper and make light of discomfort and fatigue. But the police know how to handle it. They have the trick of concise direction and can be firm in a way that does not bully or jar the people's nerves. On Friday they were splendid, and all through the week the way the crowd, assembling to see the King in Westminster Hall, were shepherded to their places in the queue was wonderful. One wonders also to think of the consultation and arrangement at headquarters that must go to the policing of a pageant. Who is it knows that it will not be safe to let the people walk past the Marble Arch after seven-thirty?

Not much is known about King George. Everybody has heard that he is one of the best pheasant shots in England, but this is not a high qualification for kingship. Happily those who know him well, and can judge shrewdly of public life and character, have no doubt about his disposition and his gifts. We may give some words on the King sent us by one who knows him and is the last man to flatter: "I can testify to his courtesy, graciousness, and kindness. He is of the very best type of English gentleman that I know, hardworking, painstaking and serious in everything he sets his hand to; a strong man without a doubt, and with a will of his own. A model head of a model English home. In fact, from what I hear and from what I know, I am confident we need have no misgivings about the future so far as our new King is concerned."

The best appreciation, by the way, of King George V. was printed without flourish in the "Westminster Gazette" of May 10. It had a touch which might have assured anyone that the writer wrote with intimacy. "He has exactly the kind of temperament which in a judicial position seeks to correct its own bias." And we believe that the writer was perfectly right in saying that King George has decided opinions, and looks for frankness, frank criticism if need be, from others. The statement that he knows the Empire better than any other monarch has ever known it might be slightly revised: Greater Britain King George does know as no other English king or queen has known it. This is a thing of very high value to-day.

King George indeed enjoys this advantage over his predecessors. No sovereign has ever had such close personal knowledge of the British dominions beyond the seas. As midshipman he saw the colonies, and his tour of 1900, in which he touched practically every part of the Empire except India—an omission

made good later—was an event unique in British history. He came back impressed with the consciousness of a handful of men doing the work of the Empire in some directions, of sparse populations opening up continents under the British flag in others, of the loyalty and progress of the British dominions East, South, and West. On many thousands of colonists and natives that visit has left an impression of direct relationship with the sovereign in place of a tie which would otherwise be merely sentimental, however strong. That the King cares greatly for the colonies was shown by his special desire that their representatives should be in yesterday's procession. Throughout the British dominions that thought will have an effect for good which only those who know the colonial mind can fully understand.

Save for Mr. Pease's unhappy outburst in the press, and the stinging reproof the law has given the Liberals through East Dorset, party politics have been set aside since the King's death. No one understands how to do the right thing at such a time better than Mr. Asquith and the more trained members of his Cabinet. We cannot believe that they will revive the brutal constitutional argument for at least some months to come, though revived in the winter it is sure to be. The party or the leaders who do this must be dishonoured; it would be folly for Conservatives to reopen the discussion; and the statements in the press that the proposals for the reform of the House of Lords will speedily be taken up again are surely wrong. It would be a challenge to the Liberals to renew their campaign.

Only a man disloyal at heart to the Crown will hasten to reopen the horrid Veto business. There cannot in common decency be a General Election this summer, and there would not be the slightest excuse for Conservative or Liberal to desire anything more than sober party politics; these, of course, may presently be revived in the ordinary and seemly way.

With Lord Gladstone's arrival at Cape Town on Tuesday South Africa enters on a new phase. The new Governor-General will be called upon to confirm the good work begun by Lord Milner and carried on in circumstances of the greatest difficulty by Lord Selborne. His reception, in view of the death of King Edward, which happened whilst he was on his way out, was bound to be lacking in those demonstrations which mark the welcome of a new Viceroy. Who will be the first Prime Minister of United South Africa is not yet known, but it is pretty certain that he will be either General Botha or Mr. Merriman. Anyhow, the complexion of the Ministry will be Dutch, and Lord Gladstone will have to tread warily.

Lord Selborne has left South Africa possibly more highly esteemed by all sorts and conditions of people than any previous High Commissioner. He has done remarkably well, and if South African Union be—as no doubt it is, whatever its shortcomings—a good thing, then the four colonies owe him more than is perhaps yet realised. To his initiative the Union was due, and it is a pity that what he began he did not remain to finish with the opening of the United Parliament. The problems he had to face have been many and various and anxious. He had to do what he could to reconcile the British to the assertion of Boer claims when the Radicals handed over the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony, and he has given unremitting attention to the problem of the native races—that nightmare of many South Africans. He has at least been a guarantee that all was not lost. At the point where Grey and Frere failed he has succeeded, and the South Africa of the twentieth century will be as much his work as Lord Milner's.

British foreign policy should be doing better than it is in Southern Persia. We are losing all the advantage

that might have come to us by the Anglo-Russian agreement. The Government at Teheran is hopelessly weak. British trade is being crushed out because it will not live by blackmail and cannot compete with the smuggler. The man with most authority along the Bushire trade routes is Sowlat-i-Dowlah. The merchants of Shiraz pay him blackmail to be allowed to use a side-track for their merchandise—all other roads being given over to his brigands. The Persian Government can put a stop neither to this nor to the smuggling which is killing the British tea-trade, helped by a 100 per cent. duty. Our merchants are also helpless in the corrupt bankruptcy courts, whither the Persian creditor retires when he has a mind to avoid payment. Great Britain should look to her interests in the South as Russia is looking to hers in the North. Certainly more could be done than is now doing.

The United States is losing little time in her attempt to come to further agreement with Canada as to trade relations. Feeling in Canada is now all the other way. Imperialists fear an arrangement to the prejudice of future dealing with Great Britain, and Canadian Nationalists have a historic bias against concession to the country that has so often tried to bring her low in the past. Already Quebec has stopped the export of pulp-wood to the United States, and New Brunswick threatens to do the same. The invitation to come closer just given through the British Embassy by the American Government will not be answered very eagerly.

Though the United States have made the first advance, the difficulties in the way of closer agreement are on their side almost as great. A new reciprocal arrangement with Canada can only be had in one of two ways—by actual treaty or by concurrent legislation. The ratification of a reciprocal treaty would require a two-thirds majority of the Senate to become law, and it is in the Senate that the opponents of reciprocity are strongest. As to concurrent legislation, once Congress begins to overhaul the tariff law, there is no saying where it will end. Legislation would be hung up for months if a discussion of tariff problems got really under way; and Mr. Taft will not be too ready to paralyse his administration. Moreover the cry for reciprocity is loudest in New England, and what New England really wants is the Canadian market for her manufactures. Reciprocity in natural products would be to her of little value—exactly the kind of reciprocity which the Middle West has in mind.

The results, now completely known, of the Spanish General Election are less unequal than they seem. Señor Canalejas has, it is true, 227 followers, and there are only 105 Conservatives. But the Liberal majority of to-day is less than the Conservative majority of Señor Maura in 1909. Moreover, it is not solid. Señor Canalejas will have to do with the personal groups that follow Señor Moret, Señor Varcia Prieto, and Count Romanones. His position, in numbers, is not unlike Mr. Asquith's to-day—his majority neither more nor less assured. The Republican gains, too, lose emphasis in having been won at the expense of the Liberals. The Republican in the present Cortes is more an enemy of Maura than the mere Liberal—that is all. The one Socialist is Don Pablo Yglesias, held in esteem outside his own Socialist following.

One reason why the Conservatives are not polling so well in Spain is that the Continental Conservative has an increasing distrust of parliamentary institutions. The parliamentary game has fallen into discredit among serious citizens, disgusted with the paid politician, into whose hands it has fallen. How to get the self-respecting man to the poll is becoming the great problem in Latin countries. In Spain especially there is among the best men an ingrained suspicion of parliamentary institutions. These men

tend to keep clear of political jobbery even at the expense of their party.

M. de Berezovski, of the "Novoe Vremya", fresh from the Albanian lines, tells the story of the outbreak in a manner that convinces. Misgovernment and financial oppression provoked the people to rise in demand of the privileges to which they had long been used. The chiefs have asked for their customary law, a separate Albanian army corps recruited locally, and a special Turkish Governor-General for Albania. Meeting in lawful protest, the peasants were dispersed by force of arms, and at once the hillmen were afoot in rebellion.

The Young Turks seem resolved to go through with the disarmament programme. The proclamation requires the surrender of all weapons, and it is being enforced by a house-to-house search. A week of grace and then all houses are to be fired where the order has not been obeyed. Safe in the hills, the Albanian can only be brought to terms by the burning of his villages which rest on the lower spurs in the valley. The Turks have burned their way into the interior; and, whatever the result of these immediate events in Albania, there will be a store of hatred laid up for the future. Already the Albanians remember Abdul Hamid with affection. M. de Berezovski found a village in the rebel lines hung with flags on the Sultan's birthday. Their quarrel is with the Young Turks, not with their Sovereign.

Young Turk is Old Turk writ large. Espionage was thought to be a peculiar feature of the Hamidian Government. But on Wednesday, in a discussion on the Budget of Posts and Telegraphs, one deputy after another protested against the action of the Post Office in opening or not delivering letters and telegrams addressed to them. Many of the bloc deputies went over to the Opposition in dudgeon. Probably the offended members will not persist in their protest for very long. Censorship of the post-bag is a province of Government in Turkey. Turkey is not another place because it has a Parliament.

The presentation to the Russian Duma of a memorial on the Finnish question by a section of the British House of Commons was at the least bad policy. Right or wrong, such interference was bound to be resented. True, it was courteously phrased; but interference in the domestic affairs of another country is an affront. Imagine the House of Commons memorialised from Russia on Home Rule or the Partition of Bengal! Certainly the memorial would do the Home Rulers more harm than good. Count Bobrinsky, putting the case to the deputies on Wednesday, was loudly cheered. His speech was in the key of "no foreign interference"; and his points were well made.

M. Dasea Wyannis has apologised for tearing up the protest of the Moslem deputies against the oath taken by the Christians to King George in the Cretan Assembly. But the Christian deputies still refuse to allow the Moslems to sit. The Protecting Powers have accepted the decision of their Ambassadors that the Christians must be brought to reason, and Turkey is compelled to agree that the oath to King George is in order. Indignation meetings are held in Turkish towns; but unless Albania can be turned loose on Crete and Greece—as certain Machiavellis among the Young Turks have hoped—the Porte will be forced to accept the word of the Protecting Powers for a great deal. The Cretan question is always a nuisance to Europe, and may at any moment become something more.

The law has not allowed for flying-men, and there will be some interesting law squabbles as flying becomes more popular. M. Clément has had trouble already with landowners near his works at Lamotte-Breuil.

The landowners—apparently in order to force M. Clément to buy them out—have put up obstacles to worry the airship on its way to and from the shed. The Legal Committee of the Aero Club has debated the matter, and finds that the landowners have done a vexatious act. But the landowners, trying to be a nuisance, have not quite succeeded, for the fences are not high enough to get really in the way. The Committee think that no action would lie, but are of opinion that M. Clément might possibly claim a right of way. They are experts, but they do not know. It is all in the air.

More working men are on tour. The British working man must be grown familiar on the Continent. Mr. Keir Hardie's little flock of 300 went in procession last Sunday with the yellow Socialists of Lille, and Mr. Keir Hardie gave them a speech. One part of it, more wide of the mark than the others, emphasised the bonds of union between English and French Socialists, and in the same breath congratulated the French Socialists on their recent success at the elections. There was here more than a speck of *gaucherie*. The French Socialists have come as well as they have through the recent elections because their aims and position are very different from those of the English. In fact, in the Chamber and out, the interesting question in the French political game is whether the Socialists are going to act with the Right or with the Left. In the General Election many of the French Socialists were helped to their seats by "reactionaries", who hated them less than they hated M. Briand's Republican bloc.

With the exception principally of the cotton trade, the record of employment is responding to the general improvement in trade. Wages are increasing, and the decline in unemployment shown in the chart of trade union returns issued by the Board of Trade has been continuous since January. There are now only four per cent. of the members of trade unions out of work, as against eight per cent. a year ago. We are below the mean of the good times of 1900 and the bad of 1909. In the metal, engineering and shipbuilding trades work was particularly good, and with the increasing demand for labour the Labour Exchanges have a better opportunity of proving their usefulness. They cannot provide work, as many imagined they would, but they serve as an excellent intermediary between the man who wants workers and the man who wants work.

After Hartlepool, East Dorset. Lady Wimborne's agency has cost her son his seat. There were a good many points on which Captain Guest was given the benefit of the doubt. Otherwise the record of his candidature would be much worse. As it was, the election was declared void on ample evidence that the expenditure was of a character and to an extent altogether outside legal limits. Candidates are always in difficulties as to their subscriptions to local institutions and as to the precise moment when an election begins, but the judges were satisfied that Lady Wimborne and Captain Guest between them took an over-generous view of the money they might spend. Mr. Justice Lawrance said that her ladyship with her motor cars was by far the most useful election agent Captain Guest had.

We lose more than the architect in Mr. George Aitchison, who died last Monday. True, he began with wharves and offices and warehouses, but when he came to know Leighton he had the chance to develop his natural taste for the finer arts. All through he loved the classic Greek, and his detailed work in marble and stone is witness of this. As lecturer and teacher his influence was widely felt, and the societies at home and abroad gave their honours perhaps more to the teacher than to the craftsman. His erudition was deep, but did not dull the edge of his conversation or blunt his fine perception of the beautiful. He could always brighten a lecture with anecdote of all ages, and in discussion was full of parallels and instances. Moreover, to the end his mind was never shut to new ideas and methods.

THE PASSING OF A PERIOD.

THE grave closed yesterday over more than the remains of our Sovereign. With King Edward VII has passed away the constitutional period of our politics. A revolution is a change in the fundamental part of the Constitution, a shifting of the centre of political gravity. This change in the distribution of political power is always accompanied by more or less violence, though happily in these islands the violence does not go as far as it does in Continental countries. The first Reform Act of 1832 was a revolution inasmuch as it transferred political power from the aristocracy to the middle class. It was accompanied by a good deal of violence, both in words and deeds, by rick-burning, Chartist riots, and the destruction of Nottingham Castle. One has only to read the letters and memoirs of those days to realise how very real was the fear of "red ruin and the breaking-up of laws", even on the part of educated Liberals. Men like Macaulay, Hobhouse and Jeffrey seriously discuss in their letters the chances of an uprising of the masses, and calculate with ill-concealed anxiety the forces of resistance possessed by the property-owning classes. The alarms excited by the first Reform Act proved groundless, because they were based on an ignorance of human nature. The Reform Act of 1832 merely transferred power to the middle class; and the Tories did not foresee that the manufacturers, the Millbanks of "Coningsby", were to become their best allies. For thirty-five years after the abolition of the nomination boroughs and the enfranchisement of Manchester, Liverpool and Birmingham, England was governed by the middle class, easily dominated by the still surviving traditions of Whiggism. With the death of Lord Palmerston in 1865 closed the Augustan age of British politics, when the middle part of the State was strongest, when the grosser forms of class tyranny and corruption had become impossible, but when foreign policy was still in the hands of aristocrats like Palmerston, Russell and Clarendon, and when the note of domestic policy was tranquillity. It was in those thirty-five years that England grew rich, and that the arts fostered by wealth, oratory, literature, science, painting, attained their highest development. To the Palmerstonian succeeded the Gladstonian period, essentially a time of transition. Gladstone was not a revolutionary statesman: his respect for tradition and constitutional forms was as great as that of his Tory rival Disraeli, if not greater, for Lord Beaconsfield's Toryism was of the Bismarckian school. Gladstone was born to preside over a period of transition, for which his ambiguous rhetoric and subtle casuistry were exactly adapted. All the same, Gladstone might have passed beyond the period of transition, and inaugurated the democratic era, had it not been for his mistake about Home Rule. This capital blunder and the South African war combined to divert the attention of the nascent democracy from its natural prey, the House of Lords, the Church and the Crown. Lord Salisbury survived the Gladstonian period, and he saw clearly enough the way the tide was setting. In a letter written to Lord Cranbrook after the Khaki Election in 1900 Lord Salisbury described the nation as drifting downstream, and added pathetically that to "fend off a collision" was the most that Conservative statesmanship could achieve. Lord Salisbury did fend off a collision whilst he lived; but less than ten years after his death the collision has occurred. It is a remarkable fact, which we have not seen noted by any of the public organs, that the death of King Edward has synchronised with the closing of the constitutional period in our history. King Edward saw this and spoke about it, and the thought hastened his end.

King Edward might have been able to prolong for a few years the constitutional period, for the history of nations is the story of individual influence. We doubt it, however; and we fear that King George V., despite his capacity and his courage, may not be able to prevent the revolution from running its course. Unfortunately the new King will get no assistance from

the House of Lords in defending the principle on which his throne rests. The fatal influence of the most finished rhetorician and the feeblest statesman of the age has persuaded the House of Lords that the best way of surmounting a difficulty is to creep under it. After a mere exchange of shots between the outposts the town has been abandoned—an empty fortress stands inviting the entrance of the revolutionary forces. The worst of it is that it is not merely their own constitutional power which the peers have thrown out of window: they have thrown away a great deal more, namely the respect for constitutional tradition, a habit which, once relinquished, is seldom or only with the greatest difficulty recovered. The point of view is changed, the channels of discussion are altered. If the House of Lords is to be remodelled at the bidding of Irish rebels and Labour-Socialists, what institution is safe? How are Constitutionalists to approach the discussion of political principles? This is what we mean when we say that the constitutional period is closed. We have got to the clean slate of the anarchist, and we are opening a period for which new methods will have to be contrived. With unfeigned regret and misgiving we say farewell to the grave and respectful modes of the Constitution.

We are not deceived by the talk about a truce, which will be of the briefest duration. Already signs of impatience are beginning to show themselves among the more ardent spirits. The chastened and decorous emotions excited by the obsequies will not last long, and the shriek of faction will soon be heard once more. It will not, however, be physically possible to revive the question of the Veto during the limits of the present session. There are the questions of the Regency, the Accession Oath, the settlement of the Civil List, and last, but by no means least, the Budget, which must be disposed of before the summer ends. Every one of these questions will demand discussion, and will have to be dealt with by a separate Bill. The repeal of a portion of the Act of Settlement for the purpose of omitting words distasteful to the Roman Catholics in the accession oath is sure to arouse a bitter controversy, in which we feel sure that the Unionist party will not support the bigotry of a small section. The settlement of the allowance to the King and his children out of the Consolidated Fund will only too certainly afford an opportunity to the enemies of monarchy to vent their spleen. Then there is the Finance Bill, which cannot a second time be postponed to suit the exigencies of party. All these Bills will certainly occupy the time of the House of Commons up to July, when it will be hardly possible to re-open the wrangle over the Veto. The talk of politicians predicts an autumn session, during which the House of Lords will discuss the Veto resolutions, and the House of Commons will pass the Veto Bill. Upon the rejection of the former or the latter by the Lords, a General Election would follow in January. Some think that the Hotspurs of the Radical camp will force the election in November. But, whether sooner or later, the election will be fought on the hereditary principle as embodied in the House of Lords and the Sovereign. It will be a struggle between party government and personal government. George III. embarked upon a similar struggle in 1760. Inspired by Bolingbroke's "Patriot King" and the teaching of the Princess Mother, the young monarch was determined to break the power of the Whig families, and to govern as well as reign. After a varied conflict of some ten years, George III. succeeded—for ten years, if that can be called success—which consisted in an unsuccessful war with the colonies. To-day the struggle is not between the King and the aristocracy, but between the House of Lords and the Cabinet. The House of Lords stands for government by party: the Cabinet stands for government by the Prime Minister and one or two of his friends—that political monster, a plebeian oligarchy.

THE KING'S DECLARATION.

BY the Constitution of this country the King must not be a Roman Catholic. That is a provision with which no one quarrels, though opinions may differ as to its importance. It is supposed to be a great bulwark of the Protestant faith, particularly by those excellent persons who apparently live in fear that they will wake up one morning and find that they have become Roman Catholics in the night. Others, who still hold the view that the religion of England depends, to some extent at least, on private judgment, trust more to the defensibility of Anglicanism in argument than to its acceptance by any personage however exalted. An English King doubtless wields great influence, and his example, whether in matters of belief or conduct, must have great effect. But the morality and sobriety of England survived the reign of George IV., and we are convinced that her Protestantism would not be much affected even if the Throne were occupied by the blackest Papist that ever haunted the imagination of Mr. Wise or Mr. Kensit. Still, so long as we have an Established Church—and may that be always—the head of the State ought obviously to be a member of the Church of England; and it is right that all reasonable precautions should be taken to secure that object. Let us by all means have it clearly laid down by statute that the King must not belong to the Roman Church, and let him declare in unmistakable terms his rejection of the distinctive tenets of that Communion; but surely such a pronouncement should be made with dignity, moderation, and a due regard to the religious susceptibilities of all his subjects. This seems so obvious that, apart from history, it is difficult to imagine how the present Declaration came into existence. The truth is that the document was originally framed as a semi-political manifesto against James II. His despotic follies, actually due in part to his religious opinions, were credited entirely to that cause, and the oburgations uttered by each of our kings at his coronation bear witness to the intense indignation felt by his subjects for the narrow-minded tyranny of the last of our Stuart sovereigns.

But what is to be thought of those who, having had more than two centuries in which to recover their tempers, still desire to hurl official charges of superstition and idolatry at millions of their fellow-citizens and fellow-Christians? Does anyone seriously believe that the Declaration is one whit more effective for being couched in abusive language? We are aware that the London Council of United Protestant Societies, with Lord Kinnaird in the chair, has protested against weakening the existing safeguards of our Protestantism. Be it so; but what safeguard does the intemperance of the Declaration give us? If a Roman Catholic, in order to become King of England, is prepared to condemn the doctrines of his Church the exact wording of that condemnation would not trouble him much. If what he conceives to be blasphemy does not deter him he will not be frightened by a few adjectives. It is impossible to believe that anxiety to secure the Protestant succession is the true reason why Lord Kinnaird and his friends desire to keep the Declaration as it is. Indeed, the next paragraph of their protest shows what is really in their minds. The protest goes on to say that "the practice of the Roman Catholic Church in anathematizing, and, where she is sufficiently powerful, of putting to death all who differ from her distinctive tenets . . . invalidates the claim of the Roman Catholics to have the language of the Declaration . . . altered or modified." We pass by the charitable innuendo that the whole Roman Church is at the present day guilty in intention of the worst excesses of mediæval Inquisitors, merely observing that three or four centuries ago a man who differed in religious opinion from the Government under which he lived, whether in Geneva or Spain, did so at his peril. But we are not concerned with United Protestant charity. Odium theologicum is proverbially commonplace. It is the argument involved in this paragraph that is really interesting. The United Protestant Societies think

that because the Roman Catholic Church has shown or, if they prefer it, still shows a persecuting spirit; therefore, it is right for the King at his Coronation to insult the religious beliefs of his Roman Catholic subjects. In other words the adjectives of the Declaration are a fitting punishment for the intolerance of the Roman Curia. This is the true spirit of persecution. "Here are men", says the United Protestants, "who hold opinions with which we disagree and which we regard as pernicious and even dangerous. We will not, therefore, try to convert them, an undertaking which requires wide knowledge, deep sympathy, and unwearied effort. But we will instead punish them for holding their opinions—a proceeding, indeed, which will do no one any particular good, but will be a great relief to our Protestant feelings." If such a policy had any chance of success we should not so much object to it. But it is certain to fail. Experience shows that there is only one form of religious persecution which has any substantial chance of succeeding, and that is extermination, and it must be genuine extermination, or it will fail. The Japanese, it is true, stamped out the Jesuit missions by systematic slaughter, and so postponed their own civilisation for some centuries. But the Bartholomew massacres and the Sicilian Vespers were as unsuccessful in their avowed object as our English penal laws or the ritualist prosecutions under the Public Worship Regulation Act. If, then, these sterner measures so often fail, every reasonable Protestant must see that mere insults, however offensive to his theological opponents, will only serve to embitter controversy and make bystanders doubt whether controversialists who use such weapons are not more anxious for the gratification of their religious resentment than for the triumph of truth.

We do not for a moment believe that the United Protestants in this matter represent British Protestantism. On the contrary, we believe that they are a small band of fanatics who by promising their electoral support to any man, whatever his political or personal character may be, who will pledge himself to forward their policy of religious persecution, have acquired an utterly extravagant influence upon party wirepullers. It is time that we should shake ourselves free of this incubus of bigotry. Mr. Asquith and his colleagues have not shown themselves very courageous statesmen. But they have now an opportunity of redeeming their political character in some small degree. We earnestly hope that they will not miss it. Let them pass a Bill to relieve the King from the constitutional necessity of outraging the religious feelings of many millions of Roman Catholics throughout the Empire—an outrage all the more deplorable because it is perpetrated at the very moment when the Sovereign is making a solemn appeal to his subjects' loyalty. That no Unionist will oppose them we dare not promise. Some there are who are genuine sufferers from the microbe of ultra-Protestant bigotry. Others there may be who find it electorally convenient to be thought more intolerant than they really are. But that such a change would receive the warm approval of the great mass of our fellow-countrymen we do not doubt. Still less do we question that those who brought it about would have a solid claim on the admiration of Christians throughout the world. After all, Governments even in a modern democracy do not exist merely to hold office. They are there to do their duty and, if it may be, to leave the world a little better than they found it. All are agreed in lamenting the divisions of Christendom. Shall we not, now that we have the chance, do something to diminish their bitterness, even if their cure is beyond our present powers? How can missionaries, whether in darkest London or in darkest Africa, preach the gospel of love with any chance of acceptance while the head of the most enlightened Christian State in the world is forced to revile millions of his fellow-Christians in words appropriate to the blackest heathenry? What wonder if their preaching is met with the taunt "See how these Christians love one another!"

IN SCEPTRED PALL.

TRULY, in the language of a great jurist, "the word King directs our eyes". From Tuesday afternoon to Friday morning all eyes were turned upon the Hall at Westminster where King Edward lay. Long before he was ready to be received of his people the crowd stretched in unbroken line from Westminster to Chelsea. Some of the people had been there for seven hours. Before Tuesday was past the throng for Wednesday was forming. And the wonder grew; for, as the people despaired of seeing the King himself, they gathered about the Hall to look into the faces of those who had looked upon the King, to look upon the walls and the roof that held him. All, too, was very quiet, except for the hawkers who were selling favours and mementoes of the dead. There was no morbid chatter, no mere speculative curiosity. Certainly it was not curiosity that had brought the people there. Most faces had an awed, impersonal look upon them. Every one seemed in a sense hors de lui-même—in the grip of an emotion that held not the man himself, but one of a multitude; for a multitude is more than the sum of the members; it has a peculiar life of its own. The feeling which sent the nation into universal black on hearing that Edward VII. was dead—that was personal feeling. This at Westminster was different.

It is true the mourning for King Edward has been throughout a personal grief. He had the gift of sympathy, and his interests were diffused so widely that there cannot be many of his subjects whose lives he did not touch at one point or another. He was, in the bygone sense, familiar. He enjoyed the rare pageant and the people's pleasure in it:

" . . . the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farcéd title running 'fore the King,
The throne he sits on, and the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world . . ."

and he could say with King Henry IV:

"Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, show'd like a feast
And won by rareness such solemnity".

Nor did the popularity that made him dear end with his people. Nine kings followed him to Windsor on Friday; and, though they followed him as dead King and Emperor and as dead kinsman, their presence was as a sign of how Edward VII. was held abroad. None the less, despite a popularity not easy to match among British kings, the personal element was at Westminster and in the processions of Tuesday and Friday dwarfed by something greater. The individual in the crowd felt the death of Edward VII.: the crowd itself was awed by the passing of a king. And the crowd that waited to look upon him, or to look upon those that had already looked, was mystically right—not right in a mere material sense—in speaking and thinking of the dead King as really there in the Hall at Westminster. For there were the symbols of kingship hard by the symbols of death.

"Within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits . . .
Allowing him a breath, a little scene . . .
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable, and humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through the castle wall, and farewell king!"

The solemn impersonal reflections that mingle, even in trivial minds, with the sorrow for loss by death were conceived oppressively by the people. Beneath the roof at which they gazed a King lay in state with death.

Some men have tried to explain the solemnity of great occasions by talking of the psychology of crowds. The moods of the crowd are strong—not to be controlled. Its anger is more terrible, its whims more irresistible, its sorrow profounder. There is a virtue in the mere act of coming together. Each finds his feeling shared, and it returns to him the stronger for this reverberation. But mere reverberation will not explain the mood of these last days. The mood of a people is other than the mood of the individual—different in quality. There is a collective consciousness—the mysterious life of the State as a living thing of which Plato knew. Last Friday—all unconsciously perhaps—the crowd was realising the mortality that is in nations as in its kings. At other times—when a king is crowned or holds jubilee—the nation comes together to rejoice in its prosperous years and its hope of the future. It is the glory of our British kingship to-day that it has really in the hearts of the people become what in theory it is said to be. Actually the King is the unity of the State in person. The crowd at Westminster, in its strange, quiet way, ponders the warning given in the passing of King Edward that death has power to strike an entire people—that nations have passed away as well as kings.

Time was when the king's peace died with him—when the death of a king sent terror through the land and gave the signal for licensed "unright". At that time the veriest coarl had a stake in the king's life. It mattered much to him, too, whether it were Rufus or Beauclerc, Lackland or Longshanks that wore the crown. Yet it was just in the days when these things mattered so much materially that kingly pageants sometimes went astray. Take the Conqueror himself. He could neither be crowned nor buried in kingly fashion. Who can forget him left alone in the cathedral with a few trembling priests while his men ran to and fro outside firing houses for fear of the people that shouted in a strange tongue? And the horrible details of his burial, too—who can forget them?—the ill-made coffin that burst, and the hurrying away of all that remained. But now the king never dies, and can do no wrong. No sharp personal fear comes with the passing of Edward VII. So it is that he is made the centre of a pageant in which the people come together and mourn as a people. Now more than ever is kingship divine; as it could not be when the life of the individual king touched the lives of his people in a gross material way. We do not, of course, mean that the person of the king does not matter. Essentially—in a different way—it matters more. Had Edward VII. been less kingly the nation could not have found so intuitively in his death the symbol of its own mortality. The people mourn in him the whole procession of kings who preceded and will follow him; nor does it seem to them incongruous to mourn him in that way. This tribute to the King is by implication the highest tribute to the man who filled the kingly office.

THE PARIS PRESS.

NEW and interesting movements in the French Press make it worth while to trace its history from the start that their real meaning may be seen. The first editor of a Paris newspaper was Renaudot, who brought out the "Gazette de France" on 30 March 1631, under the patronage of Cardinal Richelieu, for the great Minister saw the advantage to be derived from an official publication which would have the monopoly of all news. It was at first but a sheet of four pages, to which supplements were afterwards added, and was sold for a *parisis*, or little more than a halfpenny, by street hawkers. Its career under the Fronde was disturbed, as Cardinal Mazarin insisted on Renaudot accompanying the Court to St. Germain; but the sons remained in Paris, where they started the "Courrier de Paris". The father assured his monopoly by bringing a bogus action against them; but the new paper did not survive the

return of the Court. The "Gazette de France", which has had an almost unbroken career for nearly 280 years, is now the organ of that orthodox Royalism which is still popular with the petite noblesse who are willing to subscribe 66 francs a year in order to have it sent to their châteaux every day. Its size is now limited to four pages, and its telegraphic service is not considerable; but its leading articles are of literary merit, and it has refused to stoop to any discreditable methods. The "Journal de Paris", which made its first appearance on 26 June 1676, was the first daily paper; but it was only by the latter end of the eighteenth century that newspapers increased and multiplied. There were forty-one in 1779, but by 1789 their numbers had grown to fourteen hundred, and new ones appeared every day during the first few years of the French Revolution. The Directoire and the First Consul were, however, by no means so indulgent. Thus, the "Journal des Débats", which was founded by Gauthier de Biaussat in 1789 and purchased by Bertin after the 18th Brumaire, was heavily fined by Napoleon.

It might be easy to write volumes on the history of the French Press under the mild rule of the Restoration and its troubles during the latter years of Charles X. and the reign of Louis Philippe, especially after the severe legislation of September 1835; still it was during this period that Girardin and Dutarg managed to cheapen newspapers by reducing the annual subscription from 80 to 40 francs, and that the "Agence Havas" made its first really serious attempt to organise a news service on modern principles. It was also under Louis Philippe that the "Presse", with a daily circulation of twenty thousand, and the "Siècle", whose popularity was even greater, were founded. Up to this, however, it cannot be said that news by itself was extremely popular, for there was often far greater interest in the fate of the chief characters of such popular novels as the "Mystères de Paris" and the "Juif Errant", which appeared daily in feuilleton form, than in the rise and fall of ministries or the issue of those international controversies in which France herself was not directly interested. Under the Second Republic in 1848 there was a great extension in the liberty of the Press, which was again much curtailed by Napoleon III. after the coup d'état of 1852; but most of these restrictions were gradually removed and many fresh papers saw the light. Thus the "Temps", though originally founded in 1829 and suppressed in 1842, dates in its present form from 1862; whilst the "Petit Journal", the pioneer of halfpenny journalism, with its three departments, political, telegraphic, and general and advertisements, started on 2 February 1863. The Liberal policy inaugurated during the last three years of the Second Empire gave a great impetus to journalism, though the end was hastened by the violent attacks which Henri Rochefort made upon the régime in the columns of the "Lanterne". So great was this development that some two thousand papers were in existence by the end of 1869. The Commune made a great show of Liberalism, but very shortly suppressed every paper that did not see eye to eye with the Government of Paris, on the ground that they were giving information to the enemy. They then started their own organs to supply only the news that suited them, such as the "Père Duchesne", one of the official organs of the Commune, with whom violence of invective was a substitute for literary style.

It might be possible to dwell at length on the many leading papers that have seen the light under the Third Republic, for it has given a great impetus to the foundation of that large daily service which in Paris satisfies the wants of all classes of the public. This is due to two great reforms—the reduction of the duty upon paper and upon its manufacture in July 1871, following upon the extremely Liberal policy inaugurated by the Duc de Broglie, and the extension of these liberties in 1881. France has, perhaps, shown more progress than most countries in the facilities which it has afforded for the

circulation of the Press. Up to 1871 newspapers depended almost entirely upon subscriptions. There were few individual purchasers until Paul Dalloz grouped and despatched newspapers en bloc, and his example was followed by the "Messageries Hachette", which undertook the distribution of nearly all the Paris papers to Paris and the suburbs except the "Petit Journal" and the "Petit Parisien". These are distributed by special agencies of their own, which in the country consist of messengers who announce their passage through villages and hamlets, and along country roads, by blowing a horn. The Government has, however, done more to facilitate distribution by cheap postage in France than in England. Until 1907 the charge was one centime per newspaper for Paris and the neighbouring departments, and two centimes for the rest of France; but nearly three years ago special facilities were given to those papers which sent their wrappers to be stamped at the post office in bulk, to such an extent that the postage for Paris and the neighbouring departments is now reduced to half a centime. The "Croix" has, perhaps, used these new facilities more than any other paper, so much so that they have agents in every town and village who bulk their own subscriptions with those of their neighbours and thus can secure five copies of the smaller edition of the "Croix" for 30 and of the larger edition for 45 francs a year. On the other hand, it is not so easy to telegraph news in France as in England. Instead of sending Press telegrams at 1s. per hundred words to one paper, with an extra charge of twopence per hundred words to each successive paper, the Post Office only give half rates to Press telegrams. The development of the telephone has made this less felt; but still, with a few notable exceptions, such as the "Temps", the "Matin", the "Echo de Paris", and the "Journal", the French Press contains nothing like as much news as our daily papers. The Frenchman does not care much for detail, and prefers general principles. One thing he must have—the leading article. He buys the "Intransigeant" to read Rochefort, the "Humanité" to read Jaurès, and the "Libre Parole" to know Drumont's last word, just as such men as M. Clemenceau, M. Hanotaux, Comte Albert de Mun, and Count d'Haussonville have all their public. These articles are paid at a very high rate. In the days of the Dreyfus case, Emile Zola received £40 an article, and the late Vicomte Eugène Melchior de Vogüé often commanded the same fee. Academicians, Ministers, and ex-Ministers often get from £20 to £40 for an article of from a column and a half to two columns, whilst other rights vary from £6 to £20. Newspaper circulation is, however, by no means so great in France as in England, and the Press is not so profitable, except, of course, when an "affaire" such as the promotion of a bank, a company, or a business is involved. Hundreds of thousands of the Panama money was squandered in this way, and the "réclame" which appears innocently in the body of the paper is well paid. The halfpenny papers, such as the "Petit Parisien", the "Petit Journal", and the "Matin", have a circulation of between half a million and a million, and the "Temps", which sells at a penny in Paris and at twopence in the country, reaches 175,000 a day, which, of course, pays its way. The two newspapers which have of late years shown most enterprise in the way of news are the "Matin" and the "Echo de Paris". The "Matin" led the way. When it first came out, on 26 February 1884, it was quite a new thing in French journalism. Its great feature was to be its leaders, its reporting, and its interviews. It announced its first appearance as "a singular paper which will have no political opinions, will not attach itself to any bank, will not sell its patronage to any particular business corporation, not depend on any literary coterie nor belong to any artistic school, furnish universal and true information, be an enemy of all scandal, be honest, bold, and absolutely independent, and give each party an opportunity of ventilating its opinions". Radicals, Royalists, and Bonapartists were then represented in its columns by

Emanuel Arène, Jules Vallès, Jules Cornely, and Paul de Cassagnac. It may be argued that all these promises have not been fulfilled, for though men of all parties are interviewed and thus given an opportunity of giving their views in the "Matin" as well as by writing special articles of their own, still, it is frankly Radical and Republican in its main policy. Both the "Matin" and the "Echo de Paris" furnish more telegraphic news than the other French morning papers. The "Matin" was able for a long time to supply the French public with the telegrams of the London "Times", whilst the "Echo de Paris" now supply them with those of the "Daily Telegraph". The "Echo de Paris" is also most enterprising in keeping France in touch with what goes on abroad, where it sends special correspondents, some of them so well informed as to be quoted as authorities in our own Press. Most French papers are pretty strong in expressing their political views and give little or no quarter to their opponents. The "Journal des Débats" is, however, strictly fair, and has the great merit of appealing to those with whom it disagrees upon their own grounds by close, well-reasoned argument. Two new departures have been made of late years. The issue of a Paris number of the "Daily Mail" is a matter of common knowledge to English readers. The publication of a French counterpart of the "Saturday Review", such as "L'Opinion", is extremely interesting as an experiment which may take a permanent place in French journalism. It makes a special feature of "Ce qu'on dit", a collection of anecdotes, and of "Notes et Figures", a series of signed criticisms and reminiscences. The new editor of its "Bulletin Intérieur" is a man of ability, whilst M. Jacques Bardoux does the English politics. Its attitude is more or less moderate, though its sympathies are evidently with the Left Centre. Whatever may be its ultimate fate, its success so far is a conclusive proof that there is room for this class of journalism in France.

HOIST WITH HER OWN PETARD.

A CHANCE for virtuous indignation has been lost through the accident of Captain Frederick Guest and his mother Lady Wimborne belonging to the Liberal party. Imagine the flood of invective that would have poured upon a Unionist unseated for illegal practices. Scornfully it would have swept aside the flimsy doctrine that a principal is not both morally and legally responsible for his agent's misconduct. A sarcastic picture would have been drawn of the candidate shutting his eyes very tight while his relatives and friends were committing calculated indiscretions. As for the charges dismissed as not proven we should have been told that giving the accused person the benefit of a doubt was a damning metaphor drawn from the criminal law. It would have been hinted, not obscurely, that the respondent was profiting by a miscarriage of justice. But it happens that the ex-member for East Dorset is a supporter of the Government. Nor is he an inexperienced candidate. Like the ancient hero, he has visited many constituencies and learned their ways of thinking. In Staffordshire, Cumberland, Lincolnshire, and now again in Dorset he has enjoyed exceptional opportunities of mastering the law of elections and, in private life afterwards, reflecting on his missed chances. If there was any politician standing last January who should not have been caught, he is the person whose misfortunes have been made the subject of sympathetic Radical explanation. This is a more serious affair than the displacement of Sir Christopher Furness. Captain Guest sat as M.P. for Lady Wimborne, and during the last few years Lady Wimborne has meant a good deal to Liberalism. Whether he will stand again for East Dorset and whether, if he did stand, he would be a second time elected are questions not yet decided. But that this great lady in her own district could not carry her son is an amusing refutation of the lies or drivell which Radicals have been talking and writing about feudal tyranny in rural England.

Without going behind anything proved in the hearing at Dorchester, it may be laid down that the Guest family at the General Election made every legitimate use of their social position, their wealth, and their deservedly high local reputation. Whether they went a little beyond the legal limit the Judges refused to decide. For the sake of argument let us suppose that the screw was turned as tightly as the experts considered safe. What was the result? The Liberal majority in 1906 was 21; in January last it was 426. An addition of 405, even in a large constituency like East Dorset, where nearly 14,000 went to the poll, is not to be despised. But as the supreme effort of feudalism it does not seem worth the effort nor the expense. The exercise of the great house's authority—considerable according to the petitioner, slight on the respondent's showing—raised such an outcry and scandal that the seat was lost before it had been won.

The plain truth—if only the Radicals would recognise it—is that the political advantage left to the county families depends almost entirely on the personal merit of their representatives. A popular squire or the chief nobleman's son does start with the odds in his favour, but only if he is known to be a good man or at least not a bad one. There is not in all England a peer so powerful that he could get a son elected who was either a nincompoop or a demirep. There are plenty of such candidates successfully put forward by the local caucus. We name no names and make no distinction of parties. Simply it is the fact that the county divisions are quite as independent in voting, quite as shrewd in judgment, as the urban constituencies. Mr. Pease, ex-Whip for the Liberal party, has recently thought it decent to charge the southern counties of England with being subject to intimidation and corrupt influence. On being challenged to substantiate or withdraw his statement, he refused either to give particulars or make amends. What Mr. Pease said in his anger after being handsomely beaten at Saffron Walden we would not bring up against him. It was, no doubt, vexatious for the chief electioneering adviser of the party to be upset in his own seat, and might account for intemperate language. But Mr. Pease cannot be excused for persisting in saying what he knows he cannot support. If corrupt practices were as prevalent in January as he alleges amongst Unionist candidates, it was the duty of the Government Whips' Office to bring the misconduct home to some at least of the offenders. The failure can only be explained in two ways. The first is that where Unionists misbehaved Liberals were not blameless—an excuse which must not even be contemplated. The other is that the whole story is a spiteful misreading of the facts. It is not even plausible. If a Liberal so justly respected on personal grounds as Sir Christopher Furness can be unseated on petition in a place peopled by his own employés, if the member of a family so powerful and popular as the Guests is not safe in his own county, how could Unionist offenders hope to escape detection and exposure?

These tales of dark doings—villages intimidated, cottagers bribed with money or corrupted with liquor, families threatened with eviction or cajoled with teas and treats—are laughed at by people who have lived in the country and know the ways of their neighbours. In nothing does the Cockney politician deceive himself more grossly than in underrating the peasant's intelligence. The average labourer, whether he live in the North or South, the West Country or East Anglia, has two almost universal qualities: he is silent and suspicious. What he is thinking at the back of his mind he will never tell you, nor does he believe in a hurry that you are dealing frankly with him. That is why he hugs the ballot. He has tested it many a time and knows that its secrecy may be trusted. Election agents, authorised or volunteer, who try to bribe him are wasting their cash, and those who would bully or cajole him are spending their breath to no purpose. He listens to what is said, turns it over in his mind, and talks all round and about it to his cronies. At the General Election of 1906 he went against the county families because, without understanding Tariff Reform,

he looked upon it as a dodge for getting money out of him. He gave the other side a trial, but after four years' reflection he has slowly veered back, not enthusiastically, to the men whom he knows better and knows nothing against. This is what the Radicals cannot grasp—that they have been rejected because they were found out. To escape from an explanation so unflattering to themselves they have hit upon the figment of Unionist intimidation and Unionist bribery. Probably they will not be undeceived until they try to live in the villages. They would then see that neither squire, parson, nor farmer would want to drive away a respectable and competent labourer, whatever his politics or his faith. The good farm hand is not too common for his employers to trouble themselves because he listens to Radical spouting in the alehouse or sits occasionally in the local Little Bethel. We do not say that nowhere in the country districts have foolish or unscrupulous canvassers laid themselves open to reproach on the Unionist side. But against every such case we could produce an instance of urban intimidation on behalf of Liberal candidates. On neither side, we believe, has the abuse been frequent—it is too easily detected. If we may trust the promoters of the Budget League and its successor the Gladstone League, their object is to encourage complaints, to protect and, if necessary, finance the oppressed voter. With such an apparatus for discovering facts adverse to the Unionist party it is astonishing that no prima-facie case could be worked up against a single sitting member of Parliament, nor has any credible story since been put together. Always the Radicals have been bad losers. But, at least, when they have charged the other side with cheating and failed to make their word good, they might withdraw and apologise.

THE CITY.

ONCE again it has been found impossible to get the public to subscribe for a Canadian Government Loan, underwriters having to take up nearly 80 per cent. of the recent issue. Some time ago, it will be remembered, the Dominion Government sought to obtain popularity for its securities by issuing bonds for £10, but the effort was a failure. There have been two loans since, and neither has attracted the investor. It is not very complimentary to the Dominion that its securities should be thus shunned, and there must be some very good reason that this should be. We think it is that the loans are issued at too high a figure. Of course, if underwriters can be found to take the stock, the Government may claim that it is more than justified in placing a high standard upon its credit; but repeated failures in public subscriptions should convince it that successful underwriting is not always a test of credit. Underwriters usually guarantee loans for the commission they hope to make, and if they find that the public do not relieve them of their responsibility, even they become shy of taking up new issues. Thus a double blow is given to the credit of a borrower. We do not forget that the great national loss has turned away the thoughts of investors from the employment of capital; but there never yet was an occasion when the cupidity of the public could not be aroused by a tempting offer. The Japanese agents are making the occasion an excuse for the comparatively small subscription to the Conversion Loan; but is it not possible that the public are tired of the repeated issues of Japanese stock? And is not Japan becoming a little too ambitious in her financial schemes?

Judging by the small advance which has taken place in the prices of their stocks, the importance of the working agreement just concluded between the Great Western and South Western Railway Companies is not fully appreciated. For years the two companies have been competing one against the other, and many hundreds of thousands of pounds have been spent unnecessarily. It is not known exactly what form the agreement now concluded will take, but it is generally understood that it will mean a big saving in expenses to both companies. Some authorities think

that the saving will represent an additional 1 per cent. dividend upon the respective capitals, and if this is so a rise of 10 to 15 points in prices would barely do justice to the improved position. The companies have done well in the current year even under old arrangements; the Great Western has a gross increase in traffic to date of £141,000, and the South Western of £63,000. These figures in themselves more than justify present prices. Another home railway stock that is full of promise is the North Western. The management was never better; indeed it would be difficult to find a line that is being run more economically with such wonderful efficiency. Railway men have been heard to say that the North Western represents the last word in management, and the praise is not given grudgingly. This company has produced a gross increase in traffic in the current half-year to date of £186,000. With all its economies expenses must be greater than last year, but there should still remain something in the net, and, unless the unforeseen happens, and that quickly, shareholders should receive fully $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. more dividend, which would mean a distribution at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum. So far the only cloud in the sky is a strike of cotton operatives. There is great discontent in the North, and if it should result in the men being called out, the North Western would be one of the first companies to suffer a loss of traffic.

Rubber shares are a quietly steady market, and some of the authorities are looking for a fresh outburst of activity after the days of national mourning. The raw material, they declare, must go higher in price, and the share market will follow. The flood of new issues will no doubt be resumed next week. Among the forthcoming prospectuses will be the H. and U. Rubber and Coffee Estates, Ltd., with a capital of £195,000 in 2s. shares. The H. and U. brand of rubber is well known, and it is estimated that there are 1,070,000 lb. available for collection. Rubber apart, the company acquires property which should be a material source of revenue. Mining-share speculators may be interested in the work now proceeding at the Carmen Mines of El Oro. The company's property adjoins that of the El Oro, and is on the series of veins being worked by the Esperanza and the Mexican Mines of El Oro. Several years ago, owing to the poor quality of the ore, the mine was shut down. Recently, however, the success of the Mexican Mines of El Oro in striking rich ore at depth induced the directors to recommence operations, and a shaft is now being sunk in the hope that the vein which has added so much to the value of the neighbouring properties will be found to traverse the Carmen. It is a perfectly reasonable hope, and if fulfilled the Carmen Mines of El Oro may become a big dividend producer. Locally a very favourable view is taken of the prospects.

INSURANCE.

THE BUDGET AND LIFE POLICIES.

THE recent passing of the Finance Act serves as a reminder of the way in which life assurance provides for part of the burdens imposed and minimises another part. We refer, of course, to the use of life assurance as a means of providing for death duties, and to the rebate of tax on premiums.

It is manifestly foolish to leave the death duties to be paid out of the capital value of the estate. If we take the value as being just over £100,000, the death duty is 9 per cent., and with succession duty at 1 per cent. the sum of £10,000 is payable, and at the first death the value of the estate is reduced to £90,000. On this the estate duty at the second death is 8 per cent., and with 1 per cent. succession duty the estate would be further reduced by £8100 to £81,900; while at the third death a further £7371 would be payable, reducing the estate to £74,529. These figures are sufficient to show that the only proper plan of providing for such duties is by annual payments made out of the income of the estate; in this way the enormous burden of finding capital, especially in the event of two or three deaths in rapid

succession, is avoided. Let us see at what cost. A man of forty, whose estate is worth £90,000, and who takes a policy for £10,000 with a view to providing the death duties, will leave £100,000, on which, as we have just seen, the duties will amount to £10,000. The cost of a policy for such an amount, subject to premiums payable throughout the whole of life, is £246 a year; this provides the £10,000 which would otherwise have to be taken out of the estate. Assume that interest is earned at the rate of 4 per cent., and it is obvious that the payment of £246 a year for the rest of one man's life saves his estate the loss of £400 a year in perpetuity. At younger ages the rate of premium for the policy is less, at older ages it is more. In any case the substantial fact remains that a temporary payment for life assurance avoids a permanent loss of income to the estate which, at most ages of effecting a policy, is larger than the temporary annual expenditure on the policy. For age thirty at entry the annual premium for the rest of life is about £180 for a policy of £10,000, which will save the permanent loss of £400 a year; and for age fifty at entry the annual cost is about £360. If it be asked how it is that £180 paid, it may be, for one year only, or for thirty-five years, or for fifty years, can save £400 a year for ever, the first explanation is to be found in the two words "compound interest", and the second is that by co-operation with others an average duration of life among large numbers of people is experienced; owing to this latter fact the associated policyholders take the risk of early death and by taking many risks incur no risk, since average results are obtained.

Another point where the Budget touches life assurance is in connexion with rebate of income tax on the premiums paid; up to but not exceeding one-sixth of a man's income the amount paid for life assurance can be deducted from the sum on which income tax is levied. If the whole of the income is unearned there is a saving of 1s. 2d. in the pound; if part of the income is earned we believe the premiums are considered to be paid out of the earned income and tax at the lower rate of 9d. is allowed. Even on this latter basis it means that a man who pays £100 a year to a life office incurs a net outlay of only £96 5s., in return for which he obtains the benefit of £100 worth of assurance. The effect of this is strikingly large, and makes well-selected life assurance compare extremely favourably with other forms of investment. Precisely how it compares may be illustrated most conveniently by means of endowment assurance. A man can pay £100 a year for a policy which assures £962 with profits in addition at the end of ten years or at death if previous. At the end of the ten years he will have paid £1000 to the life office, and will have saved £37 in income tax, leaving his net outlay £963, in return for which he will receive £1140, since bonuses of about £178 will have accrued on the original policy for £962. This is equivalent to the return of all the money paid, accumulated at more than 3 per cent. compound interest, besides which the policyholder has had the chance of receiving the full sum assured in return for one or a few premiums in the event of premature death; this benefit is approximately worth £50 in the ten years and ought not to be ignored. If rebate of tax at the rate of 1s. 2d. in the pound is allowed the gain would be still greater, but even a net rate of 3 per cent. is equivalent to a dividend of £3 3s. 9d. per cent., subject to tax at 1s. 2d. When the security of life assurance is taken into account, and regard is paid to the value of insurance protection, the results obtainable are exceedingly good.

UN VRAI AMI.

DERNIERES paroles et testament de Sa Majesté Edouard VII. ! " croak the ragged camelots on the boulevards, flourishing their flimsy printed sheets. Nobody buys them or takes the least notice of them. This is no occasion for boulevard "jeux d'esprit" belonging to another age, and the catchpenny device of some hidden scribbler falls flat. In the shop-windows

hang large portraits of Sa Majesté, draped in black. The Union Jack with bunches of crêpe droops at half-mast, sadly limp in the rain of a wintry May, over the Boulevard des Italiens, where he used to walk leisurely, looking at the theatre bills, turning into his favourite restaurant like a "bon bourgeois", but with more simplicity. Respectful groups stand outside the newspaper offices all day reading the latest despatches from London: London the triste; the city of fogs at all times, but now black and triste as Night in the presence of a national grief. Special editions giving long accounts of the scenes outside the Palais de Buckingham and in the gloomy, shuttered streets of London are bought up eagerly by the crowds. "Le Roi Edouard est mort", and Paris mourns a friend.

The camelots croak unheeded; their croaking does not for a moment recall a memory of days that are happily dead. Fashoda is not even a memory; how long ago is it—ten or a hundred years? Times have changed in many ways. "Les Angliches" are no longer caricatured in the comic papers; their presence on the boulevards is no longer insupportable; it is generally known now that they do not all possess abnormally long front-teeth or always dress in huge checks and carry big pipes. Times have changed. Paris as a rule does not take a burning interest in foreign politics; the Parisian learns his geography in bits, by means of successive political crises. But the Parisian now likes and understands a people which before he disliked and mistrusted. "Le Roi" has done all that. Of late "Le Roi" has often figured in caricature, but it has always been kindly and sympathetic, and always graced by that "esprit" which Parisians say few strangers understand, which they were proud he understood so well. "He understood us, le Roi Edouard; knew our follies and our faults, but knew us and appreciated us and loved us at our best." Paris was ever grateful and touched by this, and would have had him be a Frenchman—a wonderful compliment to an Englishman, even to-day.

In Paris the news of the King's death was known soon after midnight to a few; it reached Montmartre only at three o'clock in the morning. Excited messengers enter cafés with the tidings; there is something like amazement on every face—"Le Roi est mort! Mais comment?"—as if such a thing could not happen, and red-coated tziganes break off in the middle of a distracted waltz to play slowly "God Save the King" while champagne goes flat. Australia, Canada, South Africa, a whole Empire, has already gone into mourning; Montmartre, though belated—and although it is Montmartre—also pays tribute. With the early morning the political world hears it and feels that a new situation has to be faced. The newspapers contain no other topic, then and for days after. "We must not forget in our sorrow for the loss of King Edward that France is in the middle of the elections", says one, in apologising to its readers for calling their attention to the polls of the morrow. Such a sorrowful and unanimous lament for the loss of a friend goes up as France has never heard before. Writers vie with each other in expressing the grief of a nation for one who was theirs so much in sympathies, if not in blood. It is a remarkable and spontaneous outburst of feeling; one feels that it is really on all hands what it is professed to be, "un cri du cœur". It is not admiration which the news calls forth so much as affection. He had loved France ever since he first visited the Tuileries as a boy of fifteen; he had been in their midst only a few days before his death. In all the busy life between France had his friendship.

The sympathy of Paris has been evident even in the streets; snatches of conversation from passers-by have shown it. Workmen in little wine-shops, who perhaps only know the names of three crowned heads in Europe, have discussed the news sympathetically: "Un brave homme; he loved France". Only to look English has been sufficient to bring condolence, as for a personal loss. "A great King you have lost", says the old woman at the "tabac" as she hands over a packet of cigarettes; "and how he loved us, nous

Français. Un vrai ami." And such is the tribute of Paris and the Parisians to the memory of King Edward as they knew and appreciated him; not as a foreign monarch visiting their city with all the importance of State, charged with great political missions, but as a gentleman coming amongst them without ceremony, almost as one of them; an appreciative friend who had known and loved them all his life, for their faults and their virtues both.

THE WOOD BY THE SEA.

By W. H. HUDSON.

ONE of my favourite haunts at Wells, in Norfolk, is the pine wood, a mile long, growing on the slope of the sand-hills and extending from the Wells embankment to Holkham—a black strip with the yellow-grey dunes and the sea on one side and the wide level green marsh on the other. It is the roosting-place of all the crows that winter on that part of the coast, and I time my visits so as to be there in the evening. Rooks and daws also resort to that spot, and altogether there is a vast concourse of birds of the crow family. My habit is to stroll on to the embankment at about three o'clock to watch and listen to the geese on their way from their feeding-grounds to the sea, always flying too high for the poor gunners lying in wait for them. So poor, indeed, are some of these men that they will shoot at anything that flies by, even a hooded crow. They do not fire at it for fun—they can't afford to throw away a cartridge: one of them assured me that a crow, stewed with any other bird he might have in the larder—peewit, redshank, curlew, or gull—goes down very well when you are hungry.

Later I go on to the sea, meeting the last of the fishers, or toilers in the sands, returning before dark; men and boys in big boots and heavy wet clothes, burdened with spades and forks and baskets of bait and shell-fish. With slow, heavy feet they trudge past and leave the world to darkness and to me.

On one of these evenings as I stood on the ridge of the dunes, looking seaward, when the tide was out and the level sands stretched away to the darkening horizon, an elderly woman made her appearance, and had evidently come all that way down to give her dog an evening run. Climbing over the ridge, she went down to the beach, where the dog, a big rough-haired terrier, was so delighted with the smooth sands that he began careering round her in wide circles at his utmost speed, barking the while with furious joy. The sound produced an extraordinary effect; it was repeated and redoubled a hundred-fold from all over the flat sands. It was my first experience of an echo of that sort heard from above—perhaps if I had been below there would have been no echo—but I could not understand how it was produced. It was not like other echoes—exact repetitions of the sounds emitted which come back to us from walls and woods and cliffs—but was fainter and more diffused, the sounds running into each other and all seeming to run over the flat earth, now here, now there, and fading into mysterious whisperings. It was as if the vigorous barkings of the living dog had roused the ghosts of scores and hundreds of perished ones; that they had come out of the earth and, unable to resist the contagion of his example and the "memory of an ancient joy", were all madly barking their ghost barks and scampering invisible over the sands.

The chief thing to see was the crows coming in to roost from about four to six o'clock, arriving continually in small parties of from two or three to thirty or forty birds, until it was quite dark. The roosting-place has been shifted two or three times since I have known the wood, and, by a lucky chance, on the last occasion of their going to a fresh place I witnessed the removal and discovered its cause. For two evenings I had noticed a good deal of unrest among the roosting birds. This would begin at dusk, after they were all quietly settled down, when all at once there would be an outburst of loud angry cawings at one point, as unmistakeable in its meaning as that sudden storm of

indignation and protest frequently heard in one part of our House of Commons when the susceptibilities of the party or group of persons sitting together at that spot have been wantonly hurt by the honourable member addressing the House. It would subside only to break out by-and-bye at some other spot, perhaps fifty yards away; and at some points the birds would rise up and wheel and hover overhead, cawing loudly for a minute or two before settling down again.

I concluded that it was some creature dangerous to birds, probably a fox, prowling about among the trees and creating an alarm whenever they caught sight of him; but though I watched for an hour I could detect nothing.

On the third evening the disturbance was more widespread and persistent than usual, until the birds could endure it no longer. The cawing storms had been breaking out at various spots over an area of many acres of wood, when at length the whole vast concourse rose up and continued hovering and flying about for fifteen or twenty minutes, then settled once more on the topmost branches of the pines. Seen from the ridge on a level with the top of the wood the birds presented a strange sight, perched in hundreds, sitting upright and motionless, looking intensely black on the black tree-tops against the pale evening sky. By-and-bye, as I stood in a green drive, in the midst of the roosting-place, a fresh tempest of alarm broke out at some distance and travelled towards me, causing the birds to rise; and suddenly the disturber appeared, gliding noiselessly near the ground with many quick doublings among the boles—a barn owl, looking strangely white among the black trees! A little later there was a general rising of the entire multitude with a great uproar; they were unable to stand the appearance of that mysterious bird-shaped white creature gliding about under their roosting-trees any longer. For a minute or two they hovered overhead, rising higher and higher in the darkening sky, then began streaming away over the wood to settle finally at another spot about half a mile away; and to that new roosting-place they returned on subsequent evenings.

It was a curious thing to have witnessed, for one does not think of this bird—"Hilarion's servant, the sage Crow"—as a nervous creature, subject to needless alarms; but a few evenings later I was so fortunate as to witness something even more interesting. In this instance a pheasant was the chief actor, a species the field naturalist is apt to look askance at because it is a coddled species and the coddling process has incidentally produced a disastrous effect on our native wild-bird life. Once we rid our minds of these unfortunate associations we recognise that this stranger in our woods is not only of a splendid appearance, but has that which is infinitely more than fine feathers—the intelligent spirit, the mind, that is in a bird.

On a November evening I came out of the wood to a nice sheltered spot by the side of a dyke fringed with sedges and yellow reeds, and the wide green marsh spread out before me. There are many pheasants in the wood, which are accustomed to feed by day on the marsh or meadow lands; I now watched them coming in, flying and running, filling the wood with noise as they settled in their roosting-trees, clucking and crowing. In a little while they grew quiet, and I thought that all were at home and abed; but presently, while sweeping the level green expanse with my glasses, I spied a cock pheasant about two hundred yards out, standing bunched up in a dejected attitude at the side of a dyke and wire fence with a few bramble bushes growing by it. He looked sick, perhaps suffering from the effects of a stray pellet of lead in his body if not from some natural disease. I watched him for twenty or twenty-five minutes, during which he made not the slightest motion. Then a blackbird shot out from the wood, passing over my head, and flew straight out over the marsh, and, following it with my glasses, I saw it pitch on the bush near which the pheasant was standing. The pheasant instantly put up his head; the blackbird then flew down to him, and immediately both

birds began moving about in search of food, the pheasant stepping quietly over the sward, pecking as he went; the blackbird making his quick little runs, now to this side, then to that, then on ahead and at intervals running back to the other. Presently the sudden near loud cry of a carrion-crow flying to the wood startled the blackbird, and he rushed away to the bush, where he remained perched for about a minute; the other was not startled, but he at once left off feeding and stood motionless, patiently waiting till his companion returned to him, and they went on as before. The pheasant now discovered something to his taste, and for several minutes remained still, pecking rapidly at the same spot, the other running about in quest of worms until he found and succeeded in pulling one out and spent some time over it; then came back again to the pheasant.

During all this time I could not detect any other birds from the wood, not even a thrush that feeds latest, on all the marsh; they were all at roost, and it was impossible not to believe that these two were friends, accustomed to meet at that spot and feed together; that when I first spied the pheasant, standing in that listless attitude after all his fellows had gone, he was waiting for his little black comrade and would not have his supper without him.

It was getting dark when the blackbird at length flew off to the wood, and at once the pheasant, with head up, began walking in the same direction; then running and soon launching himself on the air he flew straight into the pines.

My experience is that friendships between bird and bird, if the preference of two individuals for each other's company can be described by that word, is not at all uncommon, though I usually find that game-keepers "don't quite seem to see it". That is only natural in their case; it is but a reflex effect of the gun in the hand on the keeper's mind. Yet one of the keepers on the estate, to whom I related this incident, although inclined to shake his head, told me he had observed a ringed dotterel and a redshank keeping company for a space of two or three months last year. It was impossible not to see, he said, what close friends they were, as they invariably went together even when feeding with other shore birds. It is a thing we notice sometimes when the companionship is between two birds of different species, but it is probable that it is far more common among those of the same species, and that among the gregarious and social kinds the unmated ones as a rule have their chums in the flock.

The friendship I observed between the two birds at Wells reminded me of the case of a pheasant who had human friends; it is the only instance I have met with of a pheasant being kept as a household pet, and was related to me by my old friend the late Dr. Cunningham Geikie, of Bournemouth, author of religious books. The bird was a handsome cock, owned by a lady of that place, who kept it for many years—he said nineteen, but he may have been mistaken about the time. The main thing was his disposition: his affection for his people and the fine courage he displayed in protecting them. His zeal in looking after them was at times inconvenient. He was particularly attached to his mistress, and liked to attend her on her walks, and made himself her guardian. But he was distrustful of strangers, and when she was at home he would keep watch, and if he saw a visitor approaching the house—some person he did not know—he would boldly sally forth to meet and order him off the premises with suitable threatening gestures, which if not quickly obeyed would be followed by a brisk attack, the blows, with spurs, being aimed at the intruder's legs.

JAPANESE NATIONAL HYMN.

MAY our King be King
Till a myriad years have flown
With unwearied wing,
Till the tiny pebble-stone
Becomes a rock with moss o'ergrown.

F. A. B.

LITTLE TALES ABOUT DEATH.

BY LORD DUNSANY.

I.

DEATH AND THE ORANGE.

TWO dark young men in a foreign southern land sat at a restaurant table with one woman.

And on the woman's plate was a small orange which had an evil laughter in its heart.

And both of the men would be looking at the woman all the time, and they eat little and they drank much.

And the woman was smiling equally at each.

Then the small orange that had the laughter in its heart rolled slowly off the plate on to the floor. And the dark young men both sought for it at once, and they met suddenly beneath the table, and soon they were speaking swift words to one another, and a horror and an impotence came over the Reason of each as she sat helpless at the back of the mind, and the heart of the orange laughed and the woman went on smiling; and Death, who was sitting at another table tête-à-tête with an old man, rose and came over to listen to the quarrel.

II.

DEATH AND ODYSSEUS.

In the Olympian courts Love laughed at Death, because he was unsightly, and because She couldn't help it, and because he never did anything worth doing, and because She would.

And Death hated being laughed at. And he used to brood apart, thinking only of his wrongs and of what he could do to end this intolerable treatment.

But one day Death appeared in the courts with an air, and They all noticed it.

"What are you up to now?" said Love.

And Death with some solemnity said to Her: "I am going to frighten Odysseus"; and, drawing about him his grey traveller's cloak, went out through the windy door with his jowl turned earthwards.

And he came soon to Ithaca and the hall that Athene knew, and opened the door and saw there famous Odysseus, with his white locks bending close over the fire, trying to warm his hands.

And the wind from the open door blew bitterly on Odysseus.

And Death came up behind him, and suddenly shouted.

And Odysseus went on warming his pale hands.

Then Death came close and began to mouth at him.

And after a while Odysseus turned and spoke. And "Well, old servant", he said, "have your masters been kind to you since I made you work for me round Iliion?"

And Death for some while stood mute, for he thought of the laughter of Love.

Then "Come now", said Odysseus, "lend me your shoulder"; and, he leaning heavily on that bony joint, they went together through the open door.

III.

THE GUEST.

A young man came into an ornate restaurant at eight o'clock in London.

He was alone, but two places had been laid at the table which was reserved for him.

He had chosen the dinner very carefully, by letter a week before.

A waiter asked about the other guest. "You probably won't see him till the coffee comes", the young man told him; so he was served alone.

Those at adjacent tables might have noticed the young man continually addressing the empty chair and carrying on a monologue with it throughout his elaborate dinner.

"I think you knew my father", he said to it over the soup.

"I sent for you this evening", he continued, "because I want you to do me a good turn; in fact I must insist on it."

There was nothing eccentric about the man except for this habit of addressing an empty chair; certainly he was eating as good a dinner as any sane man could wish for.

After the Burgundy had been served he became more voluble in his monologue, not that he spoiled his wine by drinking excessively.

"We have several acquaintances in common", he said. "I met King Seti a year ago in Thebes. I should think he has altered very little since you knew him. I thought his forehead a little low for a king's. Cheops has left the house that he built for your reception; he must have prepared for you for years and years; I suppose you have seldom been entertained like that."

"I ordered this dinner over a week ago. I thought then that a lady might have come with me, but as she wouldn't I've asked you. She may not after all be as lovely as Helen of Troy. Was Helen very lovely? Not when you knew her perhaps. You were lucky in Cleopatra; you must have known her when she was in her prime. You never knew the mermaids nor the fairies nor the lovely goddesses of long ago; that's where we have the best of you."

He was silent when the waiters came to his table, but rambled merrily on as soon as they left, still turned to the empty chair.

"You know I saw you here in London only the other day. You were on a motor-bus going down Ludgate Hill. It was going much too fast. London is a good place. But I shall be glad enough to leave it. It was in London I met the lady that I was speaking about. If it hadn't been for London I probably shouldn't have met her, and if it hadn't been for London she probably wouldn't have had so much besides me to amuse her. It cuts both ways."

He paused once to order coffee, gazing earnestly at the waiter and putting a sovereign into his hand. "Don't let it be chicory", he said.

The waiter brought the coffee, and the young man dropped a tabloid of some sort into his cup.

"I don't suppose you come here very often", he went on. "Well, you probably want to be going. I haven't taken you much out of your way; there is plenty for you to do in London."

Then having drunk his coffee he fell on to the floor by a foot of the empty chair; and a doctor who was dining in the room bent over him and announced to the anxious manager the visible presence of the young man's guest.

"SAMSON ET DALILA."

BY JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

A PROBLEM, Does the end justify the means?, has caused much mental distress and has provoked a great deal of more or less ingenious discussion. Three solutions have, down to the present, been offered. There is the emphatic "Yes", and this is met by many with an equally emphatic "No"; and there are the honest folk who can never make up their minds about anything, and these murmur a dubious "Perhaps". Some will have it that the end not only justifies, but may even sanctify, the most dastardly, rascally and abominable means. Others, again, say that an end, however holy in itself originally, is corrupted and made a wicked end if wicked means are employed to attain it. The "Perhaps" people ask, Is the end important and sacred enough to justify any departure from the path of perfect rectitude, and, if so, how far ought one to go? An important matter, however, they generally neglect in considering particular cases: that is, Is the particular end to be gained worth gaining at any price at all? A lie strong enough to blow up both Houses of Parliament might be permissible were the life of a good and useful man at stake; what horse-power lie is allowable if the end is to put sixpence in a rich man's pocket?

This entrancing theme might, without any profit whatever, be pursued for some time. I am reluctant to abandon it. Moreover, it has some connexion with

the subject of this article. In fact, the value of the drama in "Samson et Dalila" depends nearly entirely on the view we take of Dalila's conduct. I don't mean that it depends at all upon the view our moral code may lead us to take of her conduct: I do mean that if we can at all sympathise with her and believe in her sincerity the dramatic motive may appeal to us as good and strong, whereas if we cannot sympathise, and if we feel her to be insincere, the dramatic motive ceases to appeal to us, and, apart from the music, the opera is worthless—it must at best be classed with the numberless failures which are failures because of a bad libretto. There are at least two Biblical stories of a woman leading a man astray and to his doom: the story of Sisera and Jael and the story of Samson and Delilah. Jael may be left to experts in Biblical criticism; Delilah, so far as this opera is concerned, must be considered as though we knew nothing of the original story and knew only the libretto of Ferdinand Lemaire. It is more than thirty years since "Samson et Dalila" was produced at Weimar, of all places in the world. Now, to get at what we really feel and think about it and about Dalila's behaviour, let us ask ourselves whether or not we feel it to have grown old-fashioned, whether it seems to date back to the crinoline or, say, dress-improver period. It does and it does not. There is not hint of freshness about the treatment of its many thousand-year-old subject; yet it reminds us of no special epoch and hardly seems to have aged. As Ferdinand Lemaire handled the tale in the 'seventies, so would any French poetiser handle it to-day. It does not grow old because it seems never to have been young. Sitting peacefully in Covent Garden, I have oft-times observed certain ladies who grow no older. As they looked about twenty years ago so do they look to-day. Twenty years ago they were generously painted and wholly artificial; now they are the same. The case of their daughters, however, is somewhat different. Twenty years ago they were fresh, blooming specimens of young English womanhood: in 1910 they are strikingly middle-aged, and we know that presently they will begin to put on paint and dye their hair or wear wigs and make themselves artificial. "Samson et Dalila" is as a woman who was born in this last stage of decay. From beginning to end it is artificial: it never was young and fresh and blooming, and for many long years, at any rate, it will seem no older. If we did not know that it was produced in the 'seventies, we might guess any date between 1850 and 1895. A single touch of nature, truthfulness, sincerity, would show up the whole thing as belonging to a bygone mode. There is no such touch.

It follows that Dalila, the principal character in the work, is quite unreal; it follows also that we can experience no feeling of sympathy for her—hardly any feeling of antipathy—and that a genuine dramatic motive is lacking. In the ancient legend we have the Philistine woman, a bitter hater of the Israelites, who sacrifices herself to the cause of her own people; in "Samson et Dalila" we have a discontented harlot, yearning only to capture the body and soul of a man, and having seduced him and taken all he has, throwing him to his enemies to be devoured. In a word, we are not troubled about Dalila's end justifying the means: we say at once that the end is an unworthy and utterly unimportant one. The majestic, stern, terrible old tale is made a wearisome stale yarn that one vieux marcheur might tell to another on the boulevards any drowsy summer afternoon. Samson himself is too trivial a personage to hold our attention for a moment; and Dalila can interest only vieux marcheurs. Needless to say, perhaps, that the opera is, in France and Belgium, the most popular of Saint-Saëns' achievements. The seduction of a girl by a man fascinates your Frenchman always; and how much more stimulating is the seduction of a man by a woman.

"Samson et Dalila" is the most thoroughly theatrical opera ever written. Every bar of the music proclaims its own perfect insincerity and declares itself written to make effect in the theatre. (Here we have another cause of its irresistible appeal to the French.) It is showy, often tawdry, with a limelight brilliancy.

It is always clever and adroit; it is frequently appallingly vulgar; it has not a moment of profound feeling. Half-a-dozen numbers, which are not actually vulgar, would ring out most gloriously in a music-hall. I would not attribute Saint-Saëns' lack of deep emotion to his being a Jew. That ridiculous argument of Wagner's, begotten of spleen and disappointment, has been out of date a long while; and we know that Mendelssohn was shallow, not because he was a Jew, but because he was Mendelssohn. Saint-Saëns is noisy, insincere, showy and theatrical, not because he is a Jew, but because he is Saint-Saëns. All his life he has concentrated his mental forces on the superficial part of music. He pulls off wonderfully delicate effects because they are effective; and when he tries to pull off majestic or tremendously tragic effects—in the Wagner or Mozart manner—he fails ignominiously, and is simply pompous and tedious, because his sole idea is to be effective. There is no more deplorably futile and fussy music in existence than the music he gives poor Samson to sing—and Samson generally enjoys it because the Samson of the opera is generally a Frenchman. The theme with which Samson announces his purpose of destroying all the Philistines is characteristic of the composer: it is all gesture and bounce. Even the strains given to Dalila are not "the truth". "There is truth", said Beethoven on his deathbed, pointing to a score of Handel: there is sheer falseness; we might say, thinking of the score of "Samson et Dalila". The opening chorus of the opera, how terribly stagey it is! and why on earth a purely Protestant kind of choral fugue—a kind of fugue that only came into being with Pietism in Germany and Puritanism in England—why this should be given to despondent Israelitish captives to sing is a matter far beyond me. Dalila's big song, "Printemps qui commence", is, of course, effective; so is her later song, "Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix"; but one never catches the accent of the woman, or indeed of a human being. Both would sound better played on a fiddle, 'cello or clarinet than they sound when sung; and this is a most damning admission to have to make about anything written for the human voice. The final scene, where Samson pulls down the pillars of the temple and brings destruction upon himself and most of the other actors, is a triumphant fiasco. I have noticed in France, Belgium, and now in England, that the bulk of the audience has generally quitted by that time.

"Samson et Dalila" is brilliantly scored. Saint-Saëns knows his theatre orchestra very well—too, too well. The paint is laid so thickly on the lady that we are doubtful about there being any genuine flesh and blood underneath. The music itself is like the libretto: it scarcely sounds old-fashioned because it never can have been new. The chromatic scales which represent a storm—"in the distance"—the crashes of trumpets and drums which are supposed to depict the lightning-flash and thunderbolt in the immediate vicinity—did our forebears yawn under these "effects" more than a century ago? Music and libretto are admirably fitted to one another. Both are good in their respective ways; neither is dull; both are totally insincere and horribly untrue; neither seems aged because neither was ever young.

The opera used to be done as an oratorio in England, the subject being Biblical. For this very reason it could not be performed as an opera. However, either the Censor has come to his senses or something even more improbable has happened; for last year it was produced at Covent Garden as it was meant to be given, and now they are doing it again, and I have read nothing of actions against the Syndicate for blasphemy and the rest of it. It is a good sign that it should be given in this way, but I wish the opera were a better one—not a painted, bewigged old lady of an opera. Later on I may have two words or so to say about the performances. In the meantime, Saint-Saëns, now a respectable member of society aged seventy-five, must be highly gratified to find the taste of the Covent Garden audiences gradually approximating to that of the audiences that have crowded (as I am told) to the

Paris Opéra since the Moulin Rouge was closed. It is a fine thing to have the capability of writing brilliantly effective theatrical music, and a composer must feel happy to find an audience to appreciate it.

THE PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN.

WHEN the Royal Academy opens, and everyone who cares for the Academy is asking everyone else what he thinks of it, a complaint often heard is that there are too many portraits. With this lamentation one is not altogether in sympathy—at least, a bookish man is not in sympathy. To those, and they are many, whose study has been more of books than of pictures, no painting is of more interest than a portrait. The National Portrait attracts them more than the Gallery next door: when they have half-an-hour to wait they choose there. No doubt there are pictures next door which artistically are worth many of the portraits, perhaps half-a-dozen which are worth all the collection. But a huge collection of pictures is too overpowering, too insistent for the meek bookman, who likes to get his ideas one at a time. He may go to worship a particular picture at the National Gallery, but for loafing he prefers the Portrait. There he walks unelbowed through a silent crowd, from whom he may single out the individual who interests him, or, if he be struck by an unknown face, find out whose it is, and, which is the great attraction, commune with the chosen one at his leisure. How often has one wished that it were possible to do this with a living crowd!

True satisfaction has, like every other pleasure, its degrees. Best of all is the masterpiece of painting which represents a great and interesting man. Next comes the daub of that man, often to the Philistine more life-like than the work of art. Then the good portraits of the nobodies, and then the nobodies painted by duffers, which only give pleasure, an ill-natured pleasure, when they are comic.

But when every available hoarding is placarded with life-size likenesses of Parliamentary candidates, it is time to think that the thing may be overdone. Nor hoardings alone; every shop, and some private houses, display a counterfeit presentment of the man of their choice. This display brings reflection to the spectator ab extra. First, he has pity for the candidate. Few can look with entire satisfaction on a photograph of themselves: and, generally, the longer one looks the less one likes it. Either it is not a good likeness, or it is much too exact to be flattering. And the wretched candidate has to motor past miles of his own portraits. It would have killed Narcissus. He takes it, one must suppose, as all in the day's work. A candidate has to do so many things he does not like that perhaps he does not mind the picture gallery.

It is certainly human to wish to know by sight the man whom you are to elect, and in most constituencies nowadays a personal house-to-house visitation is (happily for the householders) a sheer impossibility. Pyrrhus, we are told, when a rumour of his death shuddered through his army, bared his very remarkable countenance and walked down the ranks to show that he was still alive. But the leader of an army and the representative of a division have little in common. It is difficult to see the need to know the face of your member of Parliament. And, if it be a necessity, are there not meetings? We once heard an election address which began as follows: "Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen,—As I came into this hall to-night I heard a man say to his neighbour, 'Is that the bloke as is going to represent us?' I am proud to say, ladies and gentlemen, that I am that bloke." And he was that bloke through two Parliaments at least. This seems to us a better way of proclaiming your face than the other.

Again, one wonders—does it pay? That it must be paid for is tolerably obvious. If the whole county division in which this is written has been beplastered with portraits to the same extent as the places near by, we compute that the portraits would cover Hyde Park

with Kensington Gardens, S. James' and Green Parks, and thirty-two and a half acres of Battersea. And how many votes will this expenditure bring in? And, a far graver question, if any, what are they worth? Should elections be conducted on the principle of the Survival of the Prettiest? If they are, all the talk is time wasted.

The age is overloaded with portraits. Hardly anyone escapes. Twenty years ago superior people said that everyone had written a book, except themselves. One by one, they succumbed to hunger and request of friends. Now, the solitary distinction left attainable by man is, that his face should be his own, not known to all the world and his wife by repetition and reproduction in the halfpenny papers. The "Who's Who" of the next generation will be a picture-book. No letterpress. Portrait of a gentleman. Photographs of the battles he has fought in (by permission of the illustrated papers), or the books he has written (by permission of the publishers). The implements of his favourite amusement (by permission of the stores catalogue). We shall revert to picture writing, and "Who's Who" will require a special bookcase to itself, like the "Times Encyclopædia".

CORRESPONDENCE.

YOUNG TURKS IN ALBANIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Royal Societies Club,

12 May 1910.

SIR,—In the accounts published in the Press—accounts inspired partly by ignorance of the real conditions and partly by the Turkish authorities—there is a bewildering confusion regarding the true causes of the Albanian insurrection, to say nothing of the true state of affairs in the field of operations. I have just received from Albania a letter which, I am sure, will serve to clear away some of the mist. My correspondent is one of the few living Europeans who can boast an intimate, first-hand acquaintance with the Albanians and their wild country. The communication from which I quote is dated from Scutari:

"I have been here a fortnight, and, as I think you are as much interested in the developments of the political situation in Turkey as I am, I send you a note on the present state: Things are hopeless. The Government is certainly worse than before, and has made one blunder on top of another. Turkish 'justice' is the same as ever, and 'more so'. The population is bitter and sullen. It vows it will pay no taxes to fatten Pashas and buy gold braid for officers. When some useful work is undertaken—roads or river embanking, both most urgently needed—and there is reason to believe the money will not be diverted from the purpose, but that the work will be properly finished, they say they will 'gladly pay—and not before. We have seen too much. No more roads that end in Pashas' pockets!" The whole Christian population of this vilayet—town and mountain—is, I believe, now solid for Austria. The present Government is simply military despotism. The Young Turk officers have but one idea in their heads—the reconstruction of the Great Ottoman Empire and the triumph of Islam—the retaking of Greece, Bulgaria, etc., etc. So long as they pay and feed the army well, and they are doing so, they can trample on the subject peoples.

"There is great joy over news that keeps coming in of the heavy losses of the Turks in Kossovo vilayet. The Albanians will not be 'Ottomanised'. Even if they are temporarily beaten by numbers they will not be subdued. Albania is different from Armenia. The mountaineers here say, 'If the Greeks would rise, now is the chance of driving all the devils into the sea'. So long as the Turk rules in Europe it will be the same old game. He is worse than before now that he has been dined and fêted all over Europe. I won't bore you with a recital of the cases of rank injustice to

Christians that I have already learnt. It is the same old game.

"The Young Turks are giving a lot of trouble to the Consulates. They are trying to evade the Capitulations. If they are allowed to set aside the Capitulations, no foreigner will be able to live in Turkey.

"The Christians here have an extraordinarily strong belief that the Austrians are very soon coming to their rescue. I have good reason to believe that arms and ammunition go in freely from Bosnia over the Sanjak. Austria, during the past year, has been working very hard. I don't at all admire what Austria has done in Bosnia, and should prefer not to see the Austro-German combine extend its territory. But I am bound to say Austrian diplomacy has been extremely skilful for the past thirty years. If it succeeds, it deserves it. And nothing can be worse than the Young Turk—not even the Old one.

"Our prestige has fallen low. We have persistently backed the wrong cards. Austria holds the right ones. We were made to look foolish the year before last, when Bosnia was annexed, by saying, 'England will not allow the Berlin Treaty to be violated', and then saying, 'All shall be forgotten and forgiven—help yourselves, gentlemen'. It is folly to bark if you don't mean to bite.

"The mountain Albanian, if properly handled, is by no means unruly. Prenk Pasha, who returned eighteen months ago from his thirty years' exile, has already done a lot in Mirdita: checked blood feuds and almost stopped cattle lifting.

"The battalions that ought to be 500 strong are from 180 to 200 now. So all the battalions they boast of don't amount to much.

"The Moslems here are keeping quiet. They are afraid of bringing on Austrian intervention. They do not want it—at present. But they HATE the Young Turk, and Austria is pressing her claims".

I think it superfluous to add a word of comment to my correspondent's statements: they are *φωράντα σωφροσύνη*.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,
G. F. ABBOTT.

BETWEEN TWO NAVY LEAGUES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15 May 1910.

SIR,—It is perhaps worthy of comment that the old Navy League can only find one person to say a good word for it in your columns, and that that one person should be Lieutenant Knox (late R.N.)—one of its own salaried officials.

Moreover, examination of his statements only emphasises the futility of the efforts of its Head Office. The encomiums of Lord Charles Beresford, of the Head Master of Eton and of Sir Edward Gibbes were earned by Lieutenant Knox himself, and no one denies that he is an efficient lecturer. That the Training Home at Liscard is doing excellent work is equally incontrovertible. Yet the office in Victoria Street can take no credit for that. The idea, inception and maintenance of the Liscard Home are entirely due to Liverpool enterprise, backed by South Lancashire munificence. The management is in the hands of a purely local committee, elected by local subscribers, and ably served by Captain Garnons Williams R.N., at the home, and Captain Alan Field in the secretary's office in Liverpool. What claim, then, can there be left for the London organisation for this—the only success with which it is even remotely connected?

Yours,
LANCASTRIAN.

THE TREACHERY OF MAY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Dublin, 16 May 1910.

SIR,—May I suggest to the writer of the article on "The Treachery of May", which appeared in your last

issue, that an explanation of the discrepancy between the May-Day and May weather as handed down to us by tradition, as well as by our old poets and prose-writers, and the May-Day and May weather of our own experience may be found in the change in the calendar brought about by Pope Gregory in the year 1582? The reformed calendar was not adopted in Great Britain and Ireland until 1752. This means that what was the 1st May before 1752 was counted after that year as the 19th April, and has remained so ever since.

Your obedient servant,

PETER BYRNE.

THIS YEAR OF DISASTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Brent Pelham, Paignton, South Devon.

SIR,—Reference was made in the "Times" on Monday to the well-known forecast of the "ancient" Fuller:

"When our Lord falls in our Lady's lap,
Let England expect a great mishap".

This reference is to the coincidence of Easter Day with the Annunciation, and not of Good Friday, as appears by the context (vide Fuller's "Worthies"). But, though erroneously quoted, it is noteworthy that already this year (for we could ask of the gods no greater misfortune) has brought the nation and Empire as sinister a fruition of old Fuller's misquoted forecast as might be wished us by our worst enemy on sea or land.

Faithfully yours,

FREDCK. C. ORMSBY-JOHNSON (Major).

OLD STYLE OR NEW.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

11 May 1910.

SIR,—I see it is stated this morning that the term "Queen Mother" is to be officially used in place of "Queen Dowager", which is obviously correct, and English. But if "Queen Mother", it must in future be "Queen Grandmother" or "Queen Aunt" etc., according to what a successor's relationship to a late monarch may be. "Queen Mother" may serve well enough in other countries, but there seems to be no good reason for further copying foreign customs when we have an ancient and expressive word at hand, and which in its various forms of "dowry", "dower" and "dowager" is already in daily use.

I enclose my card, but sign myself, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

ZETETES.

THE KING'S FLAG.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

18 May 1910.

SIR,—Passing Buckingham Palace yesterday afternoon I observed that the King's Flag, generally known as the "Royal Standard", was flying over the Palace, and I saw over Marlborough House what, in the distance, appeared to me to be the "Union Jack".

I see, however, by this morning's news that the King was resident at Marlborough House yesterday afternoon. A good deal was written a little time ago about teaching children the meaning of flags. Surely it must puzzle them as well as others to see the Sovereign's flag flown elsewhere than where he is in residence.

I enclose my card, but sign myself, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

SCRUTATOR.

REVIEWS.

"VATHEK" BECKFORD.

"The Life and Letters of William Beckford of Fonthill."
By Lewis Melville. London: Heinemann. 1910.
15s. net.

WHENCE came the romantic melancholy which afflicted the great generation of writers who were formed amid the throes of the French Revolution? We might dismiss it as a personal quality, an affectation or a pose, did it not manifest itself so widely and in men who were otherwise so genuine. Even the sane and wise Goethe did not escape the contagion, from Byron the attitude took a name, Chateaubriand found Europe not enough for the pageant of his bleeding heart, only Scott and Wordsworth carried themselves through life with the dignity that rails neither at fate nor fellowman. If we are to seek a cause it must be in the cautious restricted temperament of the eighteenth century, when man played safety, dismissed his enthusiasms, and set his desires on things within easy reach. Under such conditions energy accumulates, and when the Revolution and Napoleon's meteoric career set heads on fire with a new sense of the impressionability of the world, men who felt their genius saw themselves kindling the peoples with their own enthusiasm and moving mountains by faith alone. And those to whom words were given may be forgiven if they thought for the moment that they were as gods, the society of the day responded to their call as an eager audience rises to an orator, but the flames sank as quickly as they had blazed up, human nature—flat and lethargic—resumed its sway, leaving the prophet injured and disillusioned. Each of them had thought to blow his trumpet before the walls of Jericho and was made to learn afresh that the various mind of man—for all its apparent mobility—is more stubborn than any brick or stone.

If, however, we wish to inform ourselves about these vague airs which stir the hearts of men we must put aside the genius, who possesses too fierce a personality of his own, and turn to the second-rate spirits, wholly the creatures of their time. Such was Beckford, the millionaire, the builder, the collector, the author who has even cheated posterity and owns a sort of fame entirely beyond his merits. For "Vathek" is a poor performance, second hand in conception and execution, the work of a young prince condescending to literature, which only succeeded then and has since continued to be reprinted through a kind of literary snobbery. Beckford's tale of writing it in one sitting of three days and two nights is of a piece with the book itself, and Mr. Melville's suggestion that Beckford was only referring to one of the episodes of "Vathek" is but the excuse of an indulgent biographer.

Except to the amateur of character it is a little difficult to conceive to whom these three hundred and fifty handsome pages of letters will appeal, for in the main they are but dull pictures of an insatiable egotism. Here is a letter from Paris in 1781:

"I am settled as calmly as you could desire, my dear Lady Hamilton. My frantic agitations are no more. I pass my hours in a solitary melancholy manner that soothes my mind. Every now and then I lull myself to sleep with my wild melody." This is the very parody of Byronism—the early debased style—the melancholy of the gib cat on the housetop. Or take again this other letter written from Paris in 1791, the year of the Flight to Varennes. "Happy, aye, thrice happy, are those who in this good Capital and at this period have plenty of money—their kingdom is come, their will is done on Earth, if not in Heaven. By St. Anthony, my dear friend, I never was better amused since I existed. . . . Don't suppose I wait one instant for my carriage at the Opera (where by the bye I have taken possession of the Prince of Condé's Box)—not a bit—down drives my coach, upon the slightest signal, to the admiration and desolation of penniless Dukes, Counts, and half-pay Ambassadors." Here is the

egoist, and a vulgar one at that, in excelsis. Beckford was in Paris until 1793, yet through all that tremendous conflict not one reference have we to court or people, nothing but his vapours, his purchases, his everlasting self. We find other indications that Beckford was very much the Sir Willoughby Patterne of his day; he replies to a gentleman who had interceded for some workmen, dismissed because they had allowed a stranger to see the Fonthill buildings: "You, Sir, placed in a distinguished post in the Army, cannot be but peculiarly aware of the Value and Necessity of strict Discipline, and must, of course, be convinced that Order cannot possibly be preserved among the lower Classes but by the severest requisition of their Duty and exemplary marks of displeasure upon the infringement. I am sorry to add that this neighbourhood, notwithstanding all my Efforts in its behalf, furnishes such repeated instances of neglect and irregularity, that I find myself compelled by these disagreeable circumstances to refuse a request, so full of Humanity, and which would otherwise have been irresistible." He broke entirely with his elder daughter because she married against his wishes, though her husband was a man of wealth and of better family than Beckford's own—of which the present editor says discreetly, after tracing certain de Beckfords from the Norman Conquest to the time of Henry VIII., "Nothing more is known of the family until the seventeenth century when Richard Beckford lived at Maidenhead and earned his livelihood as a tailor." It is facts of this kind which seem to account for his contemporaries' dislike of Beckford, not merely his love of seclusion, fondness for books and hatred of fox hunting. However much or little foundation there may have been for the ugly stories about him, the man had a strain of bad blood in him which men resented, even his collecting was pursued with fury and vindictiveness at anyone who dared to oppose him. On the whole the letters about his collections, his books and his pictures, the sale catalogues his correspondents sent or failed to send him, form the most human and readable part of the book. Too many of the letters are but records of a man diseased with self-importance, who for all his qualities was as essentially pasteboard as his tower of Fonthill, three hundred feet of wood and stucco that came down with the first gale. Many of the letters, too, are needlessly trivial; only a certain plushiness which we seem to detect elsewhere in Mr. Melville's running commentary could account for the inclusion of the following epistle to the Duchess of Bedford: "Your Grace will certainly think me very unreasonable in proposing a party—above an hundred miles off—and still more vain in flattering myself that your Grace will take the trouble of coming as far as Fonthill—where we are to have some dancing and music on the 28th September and the following days", to which is appended a careful footnote: "The Duke and Duchess of Bedford had other engagements for the end of September". With which glimpse into the Lives of the Great a hundred and thirty years ago we may leave Mr. Beckford; our own age has its own egotisms and affectations, but the tone of the time will suffer his kind of pasteboard no longer.

GREAT RUSSIAN WRITERS.

"Landmarks in Russian Literature." By Maurice Baring. London: Methuen. 1910. 6s. net.

THIS book is a capital introduction for English readers to Russian literature. The first chapter points out how humane and naturally kind the Russian people are, and the author says that "This fundamental goodness of heart is the most important fact in the Russian nature; it, and the expression of it in their literature, is the greatest contribution they have made to the history of the world". This is a true saying and worthy of all men to be believed. Taking into consideration the size of the empire and the many nationalities it contains, even the excesses of the revolution have, as he says, been less in proportion than

they probably would have been in a similar struggle in any other land. The long drawn-out repression that has succeeded the revolution is another matter; but it is not in Russia only that men acting in an official capacity can be ten times as cruel as when they are acting simply as individuals.

The argument of the second chapter is that the realism of the Russian poets and novelists is the very best kind of realism; looking the plain facts of ordinary life straight in the face, free from all posing, hypocrisy, or staginess. The softness of the Russian character, its readiness to forgive, to tolerate and to endure, involves grave drawbacks when it comes to getting things done in real life; but so far as literature is concerned the readiness to understand everyone and see the good in everyone is a treasure beyond all price, and gives the Russian novelists a place of their own in which they are supreme and unrivalled.

The book deals with only five writers, Gógol, Tolstóy, Tourgénéf, Dostoyévsky and Tchéhof (as playwright), and each of these five is treated with knowledge and sympathetic appreciation. This is so even in the case of Tourgénéf, though the secondary object of the book is to set down that mighty one from his seat and to exalt the humble and meek Dostoyévsky to a rank of equality with Tolstóy at the head of all Russian writers.

Tourgénéf was the only one of the authors named who was personally well-known in Western Europe. He had many friends among the critics, and was able to keep an eye on the translation of his own works. Besides this, "one reason of the abundant and perhaps excessive praise showered on Tourgénéf by European critics is that it was chiefly through Tourgénéf's work that Europe discovered Russian literature and became aware that novels were being written in which dramatic issues, as poignant and terrible as those of Greek tragedy, arose simply out of the clash of certain characters in everyday life. The simplicity of Russian literature, the naturalness of the characters in Russian fiction, came like a revelation to Europe, and as this revelation came about partly through the work of Tourgénéf it is not difficult to understand that he received the praise not only due to him as an artist, but the praise for all the qualities which are inseparable from the work of any Russian". From this it resulted that "all that can be said in praise of Tourgénéf has not only been expressed with admirable nicety and discrimination by widely different critics of various nationalities, but their praise is constantly being quoted, whereas the other side of the question is seldom mentioned". This again is true, and the author does not urge it by way of persuading us that Tourgénéf was not a really great artist; on the contrary, he quite appreciates the excellence of his work, but he wants us to realise that Dostoyévsky, struggling against ill-health, in poverty and obscurity, persecuted by the Government and abused by the Liberals, had a message for mankind which far transcended anything Tourgénéf ever had to say, and that in Dostoyévsky's work, "however fragmentary and full of faults it may have been, there was a voice speaking, a particular message being delivered, which was different from that of other writers and at times more precious".

The account of Dostoyévsky—the attempt to induce English readers to perceive and appreciate the goodness of this man, who all his life long was one of the despised and rejected, and whose value was only beginning to be generally recognised when he died—fills the chief part of the book, and one is loth to say anything to diminish its effect. But what really remains to be said about the matter is, that Tourgénéf had a very wonderful sense of balance and proportion, which was just what Dostoyévsky lacked. Tourgénéf (as Tolstóy once remarked) is a horse sure to bring us safely to our journey's end, while Dostoyévsky, for all his genius and goodness and deep insight into the hearts of those who have sinned and suffered, is a restive horse, and we never know in what ditch he will land us.

In treating of Tolstóy, who is bracketed for first

place with Dostoyévsky, the author is rather too much inclined to follow Mereshkóvsky in dwelling on the fact that Dostoyévsky really went hungry and really was abjectly poor and really had a copper given him in charity, whereas Tolstóy, Mereshkóvsky contends, only played at poverty in a very comfortable way. But acute as the literary criticisms in Mereshkóvsky's book are, its personal lampoon on Tolstóy is a very contemptible affair. The matter of it is largely borrowed from the hopelessly silly and inaccurate Anna Seuron, and even that evidence is distorted with venomous intent. Mihaylóvsky went nearer the truth when he said that it was all very well for a Prudhon (or a Dostoyévsky) to pity the distressed and champion the downtrodden, for they were defending themselves and standing up for their own people when they did so; but when we find a man breaking away from all his traditions and all his own interests to speak up for the poor and the oppressed as Tolstóy has done, we may agree or disagree with what he says, but we must at least recognise that we are dealing with a man of powerful and honourable convictions.

The brief sketch of Tchéhof's plays at the end of the book is quite good and very appreciative; in fact, almost the only fault one has to find with this volume is that it is too appreciative. Everybody is praised, from Dostoyévsky to Nicholas I., including translators and critics of very various qualities, till one begins to ask what standard they are being judged by. To take too low a standard is almost as bad as to take an impossibly high one, as is done by Tolstóy, who, however, can sometimes enjoy a laugh at his own criterion, as when he said to his friend Tchéhof, in whose plays he took a great interest, "You're a very good fellow, and I like you very much; and, as you know, I can't endure Shakespeare—but still his plays are better than yours!"

A CRITIC THAT HIMSELF IS SORE.

"The Second Afghan War, 1878-79-80: its Causes, its Conduct, and its Consequences." By Colonel H. B. Hanna. Vol. III. London: Constable. 1910. 15s. net.

THERE is a certain atmosphere of grumbling about this book which mars a performance in many ways most creditable. There has been much pains to get at facts, a praiseworthy industry is shown, and yet as one closes the volume one feels that an element of personal prejudice and political partisanship has been allowed to creep into pages that should have been entirely devoted to military principles collected from an accurate narrative of a very famous war. In the opening pages the reader's attention is drawn from the dark tragedy of Cavagnari's departure for Kabul to a smoking-room grumble as to the disposition of the honours and rewards after the close of the first phase of the war. It may be true that it was unfair "to bestow the Companionship of the Bath on several junior officers, while others obtained brevet rank", and that the forces on the Kandahar side were strangely overlooked; but it is beneath the dignity of history to waste space over such evanescent tittle-tattle in the middle of a story dealing with such incidents as the fate of the Kabul mission, the occupation of that city, and battles such as Kandahar, which will shine for ever through the mist of passing years. Throughout too a strong bias is shown against Lord Lytton and the Government by which he was placed in power, while Lord Roberts is criticised in a manner that, coupled with the previous complaints as to the distribution of honours, calls up doubts as to the impartiality of the criticism. The system of comments after the narrative of events has been completed which Colonel Hanna adopts is an excellent one, and is cast in the grand manner of Hamley and Napier, but those authors have accustomed us to bigger and broader views. To call Roberts' advance on Kabul "censurable" is somewhat hard; his duty was certainly to

avenge the dead rather than succour the living; but revenge to be really effective must be swift, and it is difficult to blame an officer who showed such promptitude and energy at a critical moment as did he. Nor is the author fair on Lord Roberts when he accuses him of cruel and bloodthirsty vengeance on the Afghans. It is said that public opinion at home shared Colonel Hanna's views and expressed itself in strong terms. The answer to that is that never was a general received with greater enthusiasm than was Lord Roberts when he returned home from Afghanistan. A few of a certain political complexion may have snarled at the deeds of their countrymen, just as they did when they styled the most humane operations on record "methods of barbarism"; but the great majority of our countrymen recognised the courage of our soldiers and of their leader in 1880 just as they did twenty years later. That an officer who has as much military knowledge and power of writing as the author should bring himself down to the level of a political pamphleteer is deplorable. Neither does it secure the uninterrupted even flow which distinguishes good historical writings that the narrator should turn aside every now and again to examine and refute what has appeared in some other book. To quote passages from "Forty-one Years in India", analyse and endeavour to upset their argument might be necessary in a controversial pamphlet or in a review, but such excursions destroy the continuity of the story of a great war, and are moreover trivialities compared with the great events which have to be recorded. Colonel Hanna has spoilt his book and his claim to be an historian when he has descended to this pettiness. Lord Roberts may or may not be a strategist to be placed on the same plane as Napoleon or Wellington; but it is not well-balanced judgment which says of him "The plan of operations by which Lord Roberts thought to secure the safety of the Sherpur cantonment ignored every canon of the art of war".

MAETERLINCK.

"Maurice Maeterlinck." A Biographical Study with Two Essays by M. Maeterlinck. Translated from the French of Gérard Harry by Alfred Allinson. London: George Allen. 1910. 3s. 6d. net.

M. MAETERLINCK has talked so much about himself in his own way that he is a rash man who does so in the ordinary way. In M. Gérard Harry this rash man has been found. His book contains less than a hundred pages upon M. Maeterlinck, written upon a sunny afternoon in a spirit of cheerful and careless devotion; and there are added two early sketches, a short bibliography, and a number of photographs, chiefly of Madame Georgette Leblanc-Maeterlinck. M. Harry, he says himself, has watched the master's progress almost from the beginning. Yet he has little light to throw on the beginning. Rhetoric comes easily and often to his pen, and takes the place of criticism. Thus, having said that Octave Mirbeau greeted the "Princesse Maleine" as the star of a "poetical Messiah", he is led off, in a rapture of satisfaction with this image, into the following characteristic sentences:

"In very deed Maeterlinck's first humble essays in literature recall the lowly birth of the 'Divine child' in the dim poverty of a rustic manger—with this difference, that morally they were far more wretched. The 'Princesse Maleine' was born in a stable, that is to say in a workroom a few feet square, where Maeterlinck, with a friend's help, printed off twenty copies on a hand-press, the wheel of which he worked himself. But no ox or ass, with big eyes of wonder, gave him their meed either of love or admiration. Their looks were indifferent or hostile."

M. Maeterlinck, he tells us, was the son of a notary—the translator says of a "propriétaire"—and was educated for the bar, but having "an inborn repugnance to the laurels of Cicero", he scandalised the people of Ghent by his "dreamy ways", and "with

triumphant ease lost the first cases entrusted to him—the first and the last". This was in 1889, when he was twenty-seven. "This episode alone", says the biographer, "suffices to justify that faith in mystic predestination which permeates the work of this great thinker."

But a study of M. Maeterlinck's mind, literary methods and way of life is not to be looked for in this book. What it does is to give a few of the simplest facts and to embroider upon these in a most cheerfully garrulous manner. Most of these facts belong to one or the other of two contrasting and apparently contradictory sides of the man and the writer. M. Maeterlinck was, we are told, a "sturdy full-fleshed Flemish body, such as Jordaens loved to paint", and it is added later, "Nor has the poet modified in the slightest this outward semblance of a stout, healthy countryman. . . . You would not know him from the first chauffeur you might meet"; and, further, a "look of health mantles his face, which is full-featured and perfectly regular, without a trace of the morbid wear and tear that furrows the ivory-white brows of so many men of letters". On the other hand, he shrinks from society and—incredible as it may seem to those who look at the newspapers—from interviewers; even in Paris he made himself for years inaccessible save to two or three intimates. Further elements in this contrast are thus summed up by M. Harry:

"Thus we see in this anchorite of thought lurks a stalwart and entirely modern athlete; in this simple-hearted mystic, a sedulous and clear-headed man of science; in this explorer of the catacombs of the soul, this lover of the riddles of a higher world, a keen observer and the most precise interpreter—if he desires—of present and visible humanity. . . .

"Never does the poet in him abdicate in favour of the observer of concrete reality, never does the man of science sacrifice to the past one particle of his spoil."

M. Harry is only repeating in his flowing and glowing manner what has been said far and wide. Desiring to be original, however, he compares "Princesse Maleine" favourably with "King Lear", thus:

"All the sumptuous rhetoric of the speaker, wherein King Lear's madness and despair are poured forth, tells us less of his character and distraught intellect, and tells it in a less convincing fashion, than the brief phrases, the frantic ejaculations, which translate each convulsion of old Hjalmer's soul."

As no support is given to this statement beyond the other one, that M. Maeterlinck's characters "only say just what they should say, and exactly what they would say", it need not be controverted. He coins a good phrase in calling his hero "Edison of the immaterial world", perhaps a better phrase than he knows. He seeks also to prove M. Maeterlinck's greatness by the number of translations into other languages, a very dangerous and unconvincing method, considering that Pindar cannot and Mr. Jerome K. Jerome can be translated.

It seems just possible, nevertheless, that M. Harry has somewhere in the unexplored background of his busy mind a doubt about this mystic who might be mistaken for a chauffeur, whose books and plays have so rapidly attained so wide a popularity, whose style is full and grandiose, and yet—and "yet without a trace of declamatory over-emphasis". He will not treat with any such doubt, and he has improvised a figure or shadow which is mythical, even if not altogether false. He is, perhaps, nearer to an important truth when he speaks of M. Maeterlinck's mind as one "whose very probity has debarred it from any irrevocable conclusion."

No unalterable doctrine so far emerges from Maeterlinck's work. With all their airiness and in spite of what we must call their declamatory over-emphasis, M. Maeterlinck's books are remarkably genial in their cool way. They affront no man and no creed, and no man readily feels that he disagrees with them. They are frequently vague and always tolerant. They disturb old codes, but gently and without bringing forward a new. The writer has also, to recommend his thought, a remarkable grace of language, at once

delicate and exuberant. In no modern writer is the felicity of images more conspicuous, and he knows how to support the subtlety of poetic insight by the pomp of rhetoric. In an age of faiths and of no faith, of widespread doubt along with multiplied credulity, of great expectations and no confidence, his indefinite optimism is most attractive and comforting. He does not propose difficult tasks or threaten dire penalties, yet he promises mystic achievements. He gives us a feeling that we and everybody and everything else are "greater than we know". The scientific, the superstitious, the merely sceptical receive equal encouragement from his books. His combination of science and spirituality appears to meet one of the deepest needs of the age, and accounts for his popularity. If a doubt enters the reader's mind, it is likely to be due to the facility of the philosophy and the writing, and it is possible to think that perhaps the writing was as easy as the reading is, and nothing could be easier than reading M. Maeterlinck. It is more than possible, it is at times inevitable, that the reader should doubt the reality of this mysticism which is so uniformly kind and convenient. Is M. Maeterlinck, the reader then asks, is he a mystic at all? Has he anything in common with S. Paul, S. Teresa, Behmen, or Blake, except that he uses their language? Is he not rather a literary man of the same type as Emerson, crying up cautiously in the streets of cities, simplifying, extending, dissipating the difficult and dark sayings which mystics have cried in the wilderness? These are doubts which invade the mind in spite of M. Harry's eulogy, or is it perhaps on account of it, and have we unconsciously confused the master with the buoyant and rhetorical disciple?

MOSQUITO OR MAN?

"Mosquito or Man? The Conquest of the Tropical World." By Sir Rubert W. Boyce, F.R.S. London: Murray. 1909. 10s. 6d. net.

SIR RUBERT BOYCE might have had several objects in planning a book with a title like the one now before us. In the last dozen or more years there has been a remarkable advance in our knowledge of the life-history of many of the diseases that have made parts of the world, especially in the tropics, inhospitable to man, and the new knowledge has fortunately been of a kind that can be translated readily and successfully into prevention. Elephantiasis, malaria, yellow fever, Malta fever, and sleeping sickness are the most conspicuous examples. Patient labour and occasional brilliant discoveries have traced the cause of these diseases to different minute parasites that infect the body and specially the blood, have elucidated the complex transformations through which these parasites must pass, and the agency of various kinds of biting insects in serving as intermediate hosts or carriers, acquiring the parasites from stricken patients and conveying the infection to new sufferers. The chain of events is extraordinarily intricate, with misleading resemblances and salient differences in the various diseases. The literature of the subject is in many languages and scattered through a multitude of publications. None the less a rejection of the blind leads, a sifting and codification of the ascertained facts, would be possible and valuable. Such an exposition might be addressed to scientists and to students of biology, or it might be prepared with consideration of the needs of medical men grappling with the immediate problems of disease and remote from libraries. For either of these purposes, careful descriptions of the parasites and their intricate life-histories are necessary. Some account of the technical methods requisite for the detection and identification of the different stages of the parasites should be included, and a selection made from the vast number of beautiful illustrations that have been already published in scientific journals. "Mosquito or Man?" is almost useless to biological or medical readers, for

it contains none of these things. The parasites and their life-histories are not described or figured. Some rude drawings of mosquitos and of flies and fleas appear, but the bulk of the figures are elaborate photographs of puddles in the back streets of tropical towns, and of water-tanks and heaps of kerosene tins. Certainly it is of great importance to know that the larvæ of several of the most deadly kinds of mosquitos are to be found and can be attacked in such places. So also, in an account of the pickpockets of London, it would be germane to include some statement of the places where these gentry practise their craft; but elaborate full-page plates of the Court of Honour at the White City, the Lion-house at the Zoological Gardens, the entrances of the London theatres, and so forth, might be regarded as desperate book-making rather than pertinent illustration.

Sir Rubert Boyce might have approached his subject with the intention of trying to write a fair history of the parts played by the various persons and countries that have contributed to the advance of knowledge. To disentangle the various issues, to be generous to those who have paved the way and just to the conflicting claims of those whose names are associated with the greater discoveries, would be a worthy achievement and one that must be attempted some day. But so far it has not been accomplished. In the volume now before us there is something about Pasteur, Metchnikoff, and Lister—great names, but not associated more directly with the subject of the book than with any other part of modern pathology—a great deal about Beaupérthuy, who has about the same importance in the real history of the discoveries as that enjoyed in the history of Darwinism by the ingenious gentleman who was afterwards discovered to have anticipated the theory of natural selection in the appendix to a forgotten treatise on Naval Timber. Although the names of most of the actual workers are mentioned, there is no attempt to set out their contributions in any orderly sequence, or to give an impartial and measured account of their work.

A convenient practical guide to those local authorities in various parts of the world who are responsible for sanitation would have served a useful purpose, and in some respects the present volume would seem to have been designed with such an object. Sir Rubert Boyce, as is fully explained, has had considerable experience in advising on sanitation and in conducting mosquito campaigns. But even for such a purpose the book is too diffuse, contains much that is irrelevant, and is not sufficiently precise and detailed in important matters. Finally, a possible object for the volume was to serve as an advertisement of the various Schools of Tropical Medicine, and particularly of the energetic Liverpool School in the fortunes of which Sir Rubert Boyce has played so large a part. Certainly the airy fashion in which it is suggested that the new knowledge takes its origin from such schools, and the lists of expeditions in which they have been concerned, make it credible that we have here to deal with an advertising propaganda. There is no inherent objection to this. The London and Liverpool Schools are vigorous and extremely active bodies, doing most useful work, and very zealous in making known the value of their services. But they are a consequence and not a cause of the revival of tropical medicine. They have yet to win their spurs in any real contribution to knowledge, and it may be doubted if the exuberant volume of Sir Rubert Boyce will assist them in being taken with the seriousness that is fitting.

GEWGAWS.

"Simple Jewellery." By R. Ll. B. Rathbone. London: Constable. 1910. 6s. net.

WITHIN the last thirty years the development of æstheticism has influenced the craft of jewellery as it has other decorative arts. It is true that public taste is on the whole crude and vulgar; the rich prefer

value in stones to beauty of design, and the purchaser in general still delights in sporting symbolism and horrible imitations of the hideous mechanisms of modern use. Still the movement started by such men as Gaskin and Ashbee in England and Lalique in France, and observable in all European countries, shows aspiration towards beautiful design in jewellery, and makes some effort to rival the productions of bygone ages, in which the precious metals were not merely used as a setting to show off stones, but were wrought into exquisite forms with amazing skill in handicraft. It is true that the fine things of the present day are in the minority, and that the atrocities of the nouveau art are far more offensive than even the most ugly solidities of the Second Empire. It is also true that the intentions and theories of the modern designer are more excellent than his work. There is something pathetic in the crude naïvetés and simplicities of the English designs, more severe and reserved than the foreign but of almost primitive achievement. What a world of difference between the old and the new, between an Etruscan diadem, a Greek necklace of amphoræ, a Byzantine earring, a Renaissance pendant, or even a Louis Quinze knot of brilliants, and the produce of modern ideas and modern workmanship!

Fontenay gives two reasons for the inferiority of modern jewellery: the degeneration of material, the use of eighteen carat instead of twenty-two carat gold, which was softer, of a better colour, and better to work; and the influence of the surrounding ugliness of modern existence, resulting in the depravation of popular taste. The use of mechanical aids instead of handiwork, and the deterioration in eyesight, must also be taken into consideration. Mr. Rathbone, however, is full of zeal and hopefulness. His book is admirable in clearness and in fulness of detail for the instruction of the beginner. He does not profess to do more than describe elementary processes; for more advanced work he sends the student to Wilson's "Silver Work and Jewellery".

He begins by asking us to admire several beautiful specimens of pictorial and sculpturesque jewellery, which he says are beyond imitation. They should be studied by the amateur. He gives excellent photographs of them. He then gives examples of craftsmanship in metals and stones which are, he says, "within the power of any ordinary person to make . . . they are entirely built up out of golden wires and grains and pieces of plate, twisted and beaded and coiled and clustered and soldered together, with the happiest results, and a sense of perfect completeness". The next part of the book is technical, describing wire-drawing, the making of rings, discs and grains, soldering and pickling, and the use of tools; all copiously illustrated by diagrams and pictures.

It is these same illustrations of "Simple Jewellery" which strike dismay into one. The wirework ornaments are especially depressing, and bear the same relation to, say, a seventeenth-century pendant as a kindergarten model in putty does to a statue by Michael Angelo. It is true that these poor-looking stars and triangles and circles are merely preliminaries, but from the stress laid by the author on his system of working out a design from previously prepared units, instead of making it mentally or on paper, and then making the necessary coils and grains, we gather that he thinks a great deal of these same designs illustrative of his method. Of course a talented student will go on to better work; but we have a strong suspicion that by far the greater number of ordinary persons who read this book will never get beyond the stage of wirework, and will continue, encouraged by Mr. Rathbone, to waste eyesight and time, and even a certain amount of money, in producing these horrible attenuations in silver, as valueless and ugly as a Margate souvenir, and far more irritating because they make pretensions to beauty.

NIGHTSHADE AND FORTUNE.

"Nightshade." By Paul Gwynne. London: Constable. 1910. 6s.

"Fortune." By J. C. Snaith. London: Nelson. 1910. 2s.

"Violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red" is the mnemonic pentameter that enumerates the colours of the solar spectrum; but of late years we have been hearing more of the ultra-violet rays, made visible to human eyes in a solution—we believe—of uranium nitrate. Of a book like this of Mr. Gwynne's, with its dark "Introductory Notes" about the normal and abnormal colour-sense, the critic might well suspend judgment both scientific and literary; for it seems to be neither the one nor the other. We have read a legend about three characters named Faust, Mephistopheles and Marguerite, but we believe that really is "another story". In "Nightshade" Francisca Peralba is a beautiful Spanish operatic singer at a Paris theatre, where Faust—that is, Pablo the blind Musician, with a capital M—plays the violin in the orchestra; in his spare moments he talks Nietzsche, Voltaire, Wagner and Schopenhauer to his confidante, a gamin who subsequently dies in the best style of Brenda's "Froggy's Little Brother". Mephistopheles is translated Meisterlimmer, who is a wonderful, mysterious and talkative old cynic, inventor of a Lamp of Black Light by which he enables Pablo's blind eyes to see ultra-violet things, and possessed of the gift of tongues and a sufficient acquaintance with literature to remark "To think that the sublimest soarings of the human soul should find expression in the twanging of a sheep's entrails!" Francisca, loved by Pablo, occasionally substitutes for herself in his embrace her sister Carmen, who, in Mr. Gwynne's words, "had all the sal and garbo that pertains to a Sevillana lady, and more than that it were impossible to say". It may be noted that later in his book the author finds it "impossible to say" how Carmen, a novice in a nunnery, escaped therefrom; he tells us she did escape, and we have to take his word for it in despite of probabilities. "Dear friend", says one of the characters, "your naïveté nauseates". Mr. Gwynne has certainly "gone to immense pains"—again the expression is his own—and has put a hundred and fifty thousand words, half of them otiose, into this book. He fails most in conveying the reality of his characters; he fails least in his descriptions of things seen. Granting the necessity for constructing such a book at all, we must admit it is well constructed. We once saw a fretwork model of the Tower Bridge, equally well constructed, equally useful, equally ornamental; applying literally the American phrase, we haven't any use for either. Mr. Gwynne, we submit, is taking himself too seriously, and a sense of humour rather more catholic than that which allows him the facetiousness of describing England as a "land of beef and sneezes" might hereafter turn his literary potentialities into safer channels.

It is always to be regretted when an artist is forced from the path in which he has won distinction to adventure on another in search of a larger public. It is possible that Mr. Snaith has sought the Spain that succeeded Don Quixote from sheer joy in the errand, but his work does not produce such an impression on the reader, nor does it do enough to console him for the author's distraction from what has seemed to be his appropriate task. He appears, indeed, to bring to the writing of romance only one essential quality: the power to sustain a style which has a certain colour of antiquity, even though it be unlike any speech that was ever known to man. His capacity for inventing an eventful tale is not very wonderful, and he lacks a sense of the necessity for continuous action and of dialogue which shall be imminent to action, as may be seen by the devotion of the first hundred pages of his story to what is practically a single incident and the introduction of but two characters. With a quarter of the book allotted to a few hours' adventure at an inn, where the hero has been spending three weeks in an incredible

isolation, one cannot expect crowded incident in the story, and Mr. Snaith, even in his most inventive moments, lacks the knack of imparting to its progress that sense of breathless movement on which a successful confusion of probabilities so much depends. The Spain of which he writes still throbs faintly with the pulses of the old romance, but he fails to present either its towns or its countryside to our understanding, and, save that continual reference is made to its qualities by Don Miguel Jesus Maria de Sarda y Boegas, the youthful chronicler, we might be almost anywhere else in Europe. The hero of the tale, Sir Richard Pendragon, is a monstrous man, seven feet high and of a proportionate circumference, who performs in it such marvellous feats that one is left wondering how far one incorrectly regards him as a liar. The author does not succeed in making him credible or attractive, but he manages to give him a certain human quality by virtue of his contradictions, which is something of an achievement. The heroine, who is of the required beauty and compelling presence, has really nothing to commend her, and turns out such an intolerable termagant that one wishes for her the fate which befalls her enemies, and feels cheated of the sympathetic opportunities which is the right of those compelled to read romances. As an example of how indifferently the author "sees" the scenes of which he writes may be quoted the description of this young lady, "at gaze upon the topmost pinnacle of the conning-tower, with her small and slender woman's form tense as an arrow upon a bow". To compare the perpendicular with the horizontal is of itself proof of an imperceptive invention, more significant even than the likening of the woman's quivering figure to a thing that lies so light and free from every sort of tension as an arrow against a drawn bow-string.

NOVELS.

"The King's Highway." By H. B. Marriott Watson. London: Mills and Boon. 1910. 6s.

Some of these "further episodes in the life of Richard Ryder, otherwise Galloping Dick, sometime gentleman of the road", are just costume farce—using the adjective in its stage sense of "not present-day". This is not disparagement: it merely asks that the likelihood of certain happenings be not inquired into too curiously. To ask, for instance, whether a seventeenth-century Justice of Assize would be travelling with but one attendant, and he only a postilion, is in these circumstances impertinent. Anyhow, by good fortune the assumption that the judge would and did thus go circuit enables the storyteller—we mean Galloping Dick, of course, for he himself recounts his adventures—with the aid of another "cock of spirit", to tumble his lordship and the postilion into the road a few miles out of Salisbury and to drive the Law's own coach impudently into that city. Thus is the way cleared for the mistaking of the highwayman for the judge by both Mr. Mayor and Mr. Sheriff, and for some very entertaining topsyturvydom in court that immediately follows. Galloping Dick has also an eye for a pretty woman, which is even more productive of scrapes: and fully half the round dozen of tales he tells in this book hang upon services quixotically rendered to beauty in distress. Not that he has any great opinion of women, but he is a magnanimous rascal, and "as for their tricks and whimsies, and all the little devilments, why, it belongs to their armament, and there's an end of it". For common London thieves and cutpurses who ply not the high toby he has the utmost contempt: like Goldsmith's fellow at "The Three Jolly Pigeons" he damns anything that's low. Beauty in distress indeed usually takes him for a gallant soldier home from Flanders; and certainly he is full of the strangest oaths. His mare Calypso—it seems to be part of the "stand-and-deliver" tradition that a highwayman should always bestride a mare—first galloped in the pages of "The New Review" a good while

ago. Readers who are not already acquainted with her master will take pleasure to be so.

"Lord Loveland Discovers America." By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. London: Methuen. 1910. 6s.

Of course there is a motor car in this book, with its inevitable gentleman-chauffeur. In fact it would have been a little difficult to engineer the expected happy issue without a motor accident. But we are spared technicalities. Lord Loveland is a cousin of a certain Lady Betty who once went Across the Water, and he determines to follow her example and find an American spouse. He sets forth in a more brutally cynical mood than is quite decent in such a quest. His manner to a fascinating but poor girl met on the steamer reminds us of an actual ball-room utterance overheard not long ago: "Of course I love you, darling, and of course everyone knows that you love me, but—". However, Lady Betty's American husband, wishing to read the young man a lesson, arranges that he shall suffer some inconvenience in New York through a delay in the arrival of his introductions. A chapter of accidents nearly turns the inconvenience into a tragedy. Loveland is denounced as a fraudulent impostor on very plausible grounds, and is forced to earn his own living in most disagreeable ways, while the delightful New York press blazons the infamy of the bogus marquis who had nearly taken in the discerning plutocracy of the Great Republic. Obviously the English gentleman in a tight place rises to the occasion, and in a few weeks of misery recovers the sterling qualities which years of luxury had obscured. We feel confident throughout that Mr. and Mrs. Williamson will not leave their hero to die in the Bowery, and so can enjoy his vicissitudes with a clear conscience and not complain at the chain of coincidences that lifts him from the pit of penury. It is all bright enough, and the authors seem to have studied with effect several types of American character.

"Fame." By B. A. Croker. London: Mills and Boon. 1910. 6s.

Literature and its makers are not to be commended as a subject to the inventors of romance; and, especially when the novelist is a woman, she would be well advised to leave her own sisterhood alone. But if egoism, or jealousy, or any other incentive should urge her to make a study of the woman writer, let her at least read "Fame" for instruction in what to avoid. It is difficult to imagine how anyone could see material for a novel in the dreary insipidities and malignancies of which Marcia Wayne's story is made, but it is the inept fashion in which they are handled which alienates one from the result. Marcia is composed of inordinate conceit and mean ambition: she begins with an act of despicable treachery, she ends with an even more despicable theft, and she employs the interval in persuading the man who is engaged to her most generous benefactor—though she does not care a rap for him—to break his engagement and marry her instead. She does it in the crudest way; everything in the book is done in the crudest way. Its crimes are as crude as the secondary love affairs that supply the too obvious padding. Marcia is described as a "siren", but she is unlike any siren against which men have had to stop their ears. The best that one can say for her, if it be the worst for her creator, is that she is so lacking in humanity that it would be impossible to take seriously either her crimes or her conquests.

"The Danger Mark." By Robert W. Chambers. London: Appleton. 1910. 6s.

The struggle of a young girl to free herself from an inherited craving for alcohol is a painful subject, and in the hands of a novelist of less delicacy than Mr. Chambers might easily be repellent. It says much for the quality of his art that the figure of Geraldine Seagrave is throughout a purely pathetic one. As a child she had filled her scent-bottle with the syrup of branded peaches and sipped it when she was supposed to be asleep; orphaned, she knew nothing of her

family history. Almost a woman, amid the excitement and champagne of her first dance, she has a sudden and shameful awakening to consciousness of the clutch of hereditary tendency. Henceforward her unequal and solitary battle awakens only pity in the reader—not less moving because its background is an admirable and scathing picture of an ultra-modern American smart set. In the end the girl wins back her self-respect; not till then will she give herself to her lover, sorely though she had needed support during her sad campaign. But Mr. Chambers is careful to add that this ending is the end of the prologue only: he knows too well that in life the curtain never really comes down.

"The Stone Ezel." By C. L. Antrobus. London: Chatto and Windus. 1910. 6s.

This is a novel of distinction, in spite of the underlying motif of the boundary-stone which exerts a malign influence on the families whose lands it marks. Recent novelists have taught us what to expect when a story centres round a landmark or a natural object, and it is difficult to handle such a subject with originality. But Mrs. Antrobus enlists our affection for the young lovers who stand for two old Lancashire houses, and fills her book with figures that live and act and talk naturally—often gaily enough—while the odd links that bind some of these dwellers in a quiet corner of England to lawless scenes in Central America are not theatrical, as they might so easily have been. To read the book is to live with a group of men and women who make good company, because they are individuals and not stage properties, and the tragic end to which the story moves is in harmony with the moorland scene.

"To Justify the Means." By A. Peer. London: Longmans. 1910. 6s.

Rather a Wild Peer, we fancy, to judge by the picture he draws of the morals of his order. It is a readable story of Adelphi melodrama type, remarkable for a close and unpleasant study of feminine dipsomania. But the hero is prae-ter-Adelphically foolish: no one who had weathered a few London seasons could have succumbed as does Lord Herondrake to a transparent adventuress. The plot hinges on the somewhat ingenious idea that a man who has suffered a bad injury to the head may be liable for years to complete loss of memory for an hour or so if he touches alcohol. Given a man who knows this, has very good reason to suspect that he is being hunted by an ambitious and unscrupulous girl, and yet feels bound to believe her account of what happened while his mind was vacant, the story is not too wildly impossible. But the Society depicted is exactly the Society that the gallery at a cheap theatre loves to watch with dazzled disapprobation.

"The Luck of the Black Cat, and other Stories." By Elizabeth Banks. London: Allen. 1910. 6s.

A group of stories, some laid in England, some in the United States, which for the most part hinge upon the aspirations or the discomforts of solitary women. The bachelor girl may not wish to marry, but (in these pages) she is pathetically anxious to dress in an attractive way. Miss Banks has written a very clever story of the methods by which a woman journalist produces a realistic anti-vivisection article which converts the whole city to indignation against cruelty to animals. A sketch in a different vein, "Ma's Vacation", shows humorous appreciation of New England farm life. But some of the stories seem to have had the proverbial luck of a black cat in finding a home in a magazine, and to be unduly pertinacious in seeking further life in volume form.

"Eve in Earnest." By John Barnett. London: Smith, Elder. 1910. 6s.

The charming daughter of an unpractical bookish widower is not a very new figure in fiction, but Mr. Barnett has done wonders with his Eve Cornell. His

plot is conventional, but his characters real. Eve's suitor, a cock-sure young member of Parliament, is a genuine example of a distressingly actual type—yes, of course, virtuous and able and all the rest of it (have they not made England what she is?), but so fatiguing in private life. The elderly women in the book are portrayed with skill, and the attempt to transplant old Mr. Cornell from Bohemian lodgings to an ultra-conventional country house (where he will come down to a dinner party in carpet slippers from sheer absence of mind) is cleverly developed. It is, after all, these trivialities—or rather the way stupid people take them—that wreck happy homes.

"Silverwool." By Emily Jenkinson. London: Edward Arnold. 1910. 6s.

The wild northern fell-country and the rough fell-folk are described with knowledge, and some power, by Miss Jenkinson, in this story of shepherds' rivalry and love-making, but she is less successful in suggesting the period of a hundred years ago. Her high-church curate is quite modern in manner, and the dialogue, though duly rustic and uncouth, does not smack of the early last century. It is an earnest, sincere piece of work, intelligently done, and very workmanlike for a first book. But the plot is rather strained and unconvincing, and we do not care for the goody-goodyness of the curate episodes.

MASTER WORSLEY'S MIDDLE TEMPLE.

"Master Worsley's Book on the History and Constitution of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple." By Arthur Robert Ingpen. London: The Chiswick Press. 1910. 30s. net.

As this very handsome volume is not published in the ordinary way, but is issued by the Benchers of the Middle Temple, on whose instructions it has been prepared by Mr. Ingpen, K.C., it may be well to say at once that members of the Inn may obtain it at the Treasury Office or Library for twenty shillings, and non-members at Messrs. Sweet and Maxwell's, in Chancery Lane, for the price above mentioned. Master Worsley's Book is a manuscript which has been in the possession of the Middle Temple since the early part of the eighteenth century. It is attributed to Charles Worsley, who was a Bencher and the Treasurer of the Inn in 1733. He was of an old family, a branch of which are the Earls of Yarborough, though of little personal distinction. He was a bachelor, and, as bachelor Benchers even now are wont, he supplied the lack of the domestic hearth by a love for the history, customs, and associations of his Inn. To this the Inn owed the manuscript he prepared which, in the hands of several succeeding treasurers, was more or less altered and enlarged. It became the chief authority on the constitution, government and powers of the Inn, as on its internal affairs, finances, customs, and usages, so far as they can be drawn from traditional or historical sources or the records, very fragmentary in their earlier stages, of the Inn itself. It was edited in 1896 by Master Hopwood, but this edition is now out of print; and, moreover, it was not Worsley's original manuscript which passed through Master Hopwood's hands, but copies used by subsequent treasurers, and only recently has this manuscript been discovered. Now Mr. Ingpen has edited it with much ability and learning, and has incorporated with it the Downing MS. of Master Hopwood's edition. In his admirable introduction is narrated and discussed whatever is known or has been surmised as to the origin and history of the Inn from the Knights Templars downwards, and as to the changes in the Temple area and its buildings through the centuries down to our own; a very perplexing but exceedingly fascinating subject. Mr. Ingpen adopts the theory of the separate settlement of the Middle and Inner Temple societies on the old Templars or Hospitallers' property. In Master Worsley's day, and even still, in despite of the arguments of Mr. Hutchinson, the late librarian of the Middle Temple, it was supposed that the two Inns were originally one and separated at some unknown period. The controversy has been interminable and not determinable as to which should be considered the original and which the offshoot. But even if Mr. Ingpen's view should compose this feud we fear it would only start another, for he proves conclusively (at least to Middle Templars) that the Middle Temple Society was settled first and the Inner Temple followed; but it will be quite hopeless to expect Inner Templars to agree. The book is very richly illustrated with photographs and etchings of sites and buildings in the Temple, some of which are the more interesting because

they have been obliterated within living memory. A very special feature are the drawings and descriptions of the plate belonging to the Inn. The attention is particularly attracted just now to the Loving Cup presented by King Edward VII. in 1887 when he was treasurer of the society, and to the Coronation plate which made its appearance when the King as a Benchet dined in Hall for the first time after his Coronation in November 1903. But Mr. Ingpen makes a slip in stating that the King was then Senior Benchet. He was not in that year, though he was at his death, when he had been nearly forty-eight years Barrister and Benchet, his call as both dating from 1861, and preceding only by a few minutes his opening of the Inn's new library.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"**Britain across the Seas: Africa.**" By Sir Harry Johnston. London: The National Society. 1910. 10s. 6d. net.

Sir Harry Johnston seems to have been in some difficulty in writing this book. He has tried to blend a certain amount of the purely elementary with more that shall satisfy the student. The result is that on one page we get matter which might be found in any reasonable reference book, and on another speculations which belong to the philosophy of history, the whole being illustrated by pictures that suggest a purely popular appeal. Then there is the necessity of describing not only what others have done for Great Britain in Africa, but what Sir Harry Johnston himself has done. Sometimes he refers to himself as "the writer", at another as Mr. H. H. Johnston, in a third place as Sir Harry Johnston. It may be a little confusing to some people who are not familiar with his record. None knows Africa better from Nigeria to Uganda, from Somaliland to the Congo, from the Cape to Cairo. None is more conscious of the great part Britain has played and is playing in the civilisation of the continent. Sir Harry Johnston on the whole succeeds admirably in making that fact clear without belittling the efforts of other nations. He is as alive to the good work done by the French and Germans as to the shortcomings of his own countrymen on occasions. The book is full of intimate touches lifting it above a mere compilation. Sir Harry Johnston finds the secret of British success in Africa in respect for native rights and property. Great Britain, so far as is practicable, rules through and with the co-operation of native chiefs, and every penny she raises in revenue is spent not for her own profit, but for that of the States whose control she has assumed. We are doing for the negroes and other coloured races, with their full consent, he says, what Roman and Norman did in Britain. Much of the book may be read for the sheer interest of its matter, and as it has a capital index it should be valuable for reference purposes.

"**The Working Faith of the Social Reformer.**" By Henry Jones. London: Macmillan. 1910. 7s. 6d.

Professor Henry Jones is the occupant of Adam Smith's Chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. He is in the line, therefore, of his great predecessor in considering social, economic, and political problems from the point of view of philosophic theory. In this collection of essays Professor Jones seeks the resolution of most of the opposing theories in sociology, politics and education in a presentation of philosophic idealism. Thus, for example, in the essay on "The Coming of Socialism", he attempts to show that the apparently contradictory theories of State action and individualism may be brought into a unity in which one is the correlative of the other. So in "Idealism and Politics" he works up to the conclusion that the practical politician will recognise that to enlarge the power of the State is not necessarily to encroach on the individual, and that every proposed enlargement of it should be considered upon its merits, and not condemned on a priori grounds as an evil to be resisted in the name of freedom. Another very instructive essay is that on "The Child and Heredity", in which Professor Jones discusses the commonly alleged antithesis between environment and character. Professor Jones clears up much confusion on this subject; and we hope he may be rewarded by seeing what is evidently a favourite idea with him more often realised: the adoption of neglected children by good people who are not afraid of wasting their care on objects already spoiled by nature. Professor Jones was not well advised in including the essay on "The Moral Aspect of the Fiscal Question". It only treats of a certain phase of the Tariff question in a form a little more solemn, but not less in the spirit of parti pris, than one may find in an ordinary Free Trade newspaper. With this exception the essays deserve the attention of all educated readers, who will find the philosophic atmosphere bracing without being too trying.

"**Spinoza's Short Treatise on God, Man and his Well-being.**" By A. Wolf. London: Black. 1910. 7s. 6d. net.

Heine said, with his usual wit, that "all our modern philosophers, though often perhaps unconsciously, see through the glasses which Baruch Spinoza ground". The reader who may not see the point may be referred to the admirably written life which Professor Wolf prefixes to this edition of Spinoza's first work, which was the foundation of the famous "Ethics". But there are few who will not understand the reference to the lens-grinding which supplied Spinoza with his scanty livelihood. The "Short Treatise" was not published in Spinoza's lifetime, and was not discovered until 1860. Professor Wolf prints it as a translation from the Dutch with a useful commentary, and gives an interesting account of its history and its connexion with the circumstances of Spinoza's surroundings and the growth of his philosophy. The book is a very useful aid to the study of Spinoza, perhaps the best introduction there is to Spinoza's work as a whole, or for the reader whose ambitions may not be so generous but who may desire to master the general scheme of Spinoza's philosophy as expounded in his own words to his first students. Not the least instructive part of Professor Wolf's learned labour is his description of the religious atmosphere and controversies of the Netherlands, where the Protestants were as intolerant towards their own co-religionists over differences of dogma as the ultramontane Catholics had been to themselves in earlier stages.

"**Bishop Wilkins.**" By P. A. Wright Henderson. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1910. 5s. net.

Bishop Wilkins began by taking the Covenant and being intruded into the Warden's place at Wadham by the Parliamentary Visitors. He advised the Protector on academic and ecclesiastical affairs, and married his sister. Nevertheless, his biographer, Pope, says that "many country gentlemen of all persuasions, but especially those then called Cavaliers and Malignants for adhering to the King and to the Church, sent their sons to his college to be under his government". Wadham was the college of Christopher Wren, of Lovelace, Sedley and Rochester, and of quite a number of prelates like Sprat, Ironside and Lloyd. Before the Restoration, Wilkins had resigned the Wardenship, and been made by Richard Cromwell Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. Ejected in 1660, Wilkins—more supple in conviction, perhaps, through intercourse with the Cambridge Platonists—found a friend in Charles II. Later, Wilkins was made Dean of Ripon, and in 1668, through the influence of the Duke of Buckingham, Bishop of Chester. Dr. Henderson himself gives Bishop Wilkins the name of Trimmer. But it was a time of confused principles and of compromise. Certainly Wilkins was treated very well by both parties. Wadham itself has always, save when it resisted the Visitors in 1648, been "on the popular or constitutional side", "a Whig and Evangelical College". One of its early heroes was Admiral Blake.

"**The Story of Padua.**" By Cesare Foligno. Illustrated by Giovanni Vianello. London: Dent. 1910. 4s. 6d. net.

Italian history told from the point of view of one little town is a little confusing, and the historian does well if he sinks serious history and concerns himself with annals of local war and intrigue. The author of this little book is wisely parochial, keeping well within the walls of Padua. He is less happy when he ventures abroad. For instance, he speaks of the Lombard towns as "prompted by religious reasons" in banding against the Emperor. The Lombard towns, between the Empire and the Papacy, used their position to play for independence. They would as little tolerate a Papal rector as an Imperial podestà. We entirely agree with the plea put forward for Padua as against Venice. Padua has suffered in her history as she suffers in attractiveness to-day by being too near that powerful and distinctive city. She deserves more attention than she will get. This book (it belongs to the familiar "Medieval Town" series) may induce many to stay in Padua on the way to Venice. Certainly no one should go to Padua without it. The facts about Padua—her history and her monuments—are here admirably collated.

"**Oxford from Within.**" By Hugh de Selincourt. Illustrated by Yoshio Markino. London: Chatto and Windus. 1910. 7s. 6d. net.

"**The Romance of the Oxford Colleges.**" By Francis Gribble. London: Mills and Boon. 1910. 6s. net.

"**Oxford.**" By F. D. How. Illustrated by Ernest Haslehurst. London: Blackie. 1910. 2s.

Of books about Oxford we have more than enough, whether they be picture-books (it is a cold, moist Oxford that we see in Mr. Haslehurst's pictures), or guide-books, or books of

(Continued on page 670.)

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impressions and memories written by her alumni. Mr. Gribble's is nothing more than a guide-book—just the book for the undergraduate to buy and read when threatened with a descent of relatives of an inquiring turn. Mr. Hugh de Selincourt's is in a higher class, but the worst of this kind of book is that the Oxford man has known and felt it all—he wants no book about it—whereas to the outsider all the sacred small things that make college life what it is may seem a little trivial when viewed from outside. The book about Oxford that is worth writing now will be a very remarkable one. These particular three simply add to the number, which is big enough already.

"Tales of Bengal." By S. B. Banerjee. Edited by F. M. Shrine. London: Longmans. 1910. 3s. net.

As short stories these tales want crispness and "snap", and the episodes themselves are on the whole commonplace. Perhaps for this very reason they will be useful, and even interesting, to those who wish to get some insight into the lives and characters of the middle-class Bengali. It is from this class that the "educated" are largely drawn—extremists, anarchists, and moderate reformers—who wish to take over the government of India. There is no allusion, however, to this movement in Mr. Banerjee's sketches—an omission which detracts much from their value. Mr. Shrine has contributed a discursive introduction beginning with the history of the human race. He would better have said more about these tales and the people who figure in them.

"On Fads." By Lady Grove. London: Chapman and Hall. 1910. 5s. net.

One reads these papers too easily. They offer no resistance. The writer was in love with writing—not with her matter; anything was good enough to write about. Even so, there is enough in these essays to show that Lady Grove might do well if the words came less easily.

For this Week's Books see page 672.

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The Secretary (Mr. H. E. Harrison) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors.

The Chairman said: The value of the business done by your Company during 1909 showed a considerable reduction, as compared with that of recent years, but, seeing that 1909 was unfavourable to nearly every branch of the electrical and engineering industry, your directors are of opinion that the results now shown cannot be considered other than satisfactory. At no time for many years past have the conditions under which your Company's operations are carried out been more difficult than in the period under review. The quantity of work available was even less than usual, and the struggle for orders was consequently severe. This was especially the case in the home trade, where no new contract of any magnitude was carried out, and where even the orders for extensions to existing mains were less in number and smaller in value than customary. Whilst this was doubtless due in part to the extended use of metal-filament lamps, it was greatly intensified by the universal depression which prevailed, and by the uncertainty in the financial outlook throughout the country generally. It is, therefore, with considerable satisfaction that your directors notice the improvement in trade which has taken place since the beginning of this year, with the consequent increase in orders which have been placed with your Company. The accounts for the year ending December 31, 1909, show a balance at the credit of profit and loss account for the year's working of £34,362 5s. 9d., to which has to be added the balance brought in from 1908 of £45,884 10s. 7d., making together £100,246 15s. 4d. From this must be deducted interest on Debenture stock, £13,500; dividend on Preference shares, £10,000; and appropriation for depreciation of buildings, plant, and machinery, £8,294 6s. 6d., making a total of £31,794 6s. 6d., and leaving an available balance of £68,452 9s. 10d. It is proposed to deal with this in the following manner: (1) By the payment of a dividend on the Ordinary shares at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum (less income tax), being 10s. per share, whereof 5s. (less income tax) was paid on November 1, 1908, and 5s. (less income tax) will be paid on May 28, 1910, making £17,500. (2) By the payment of a bonus of 5s. per share (less income tax), to be paid also on May 28, 1910, £8,750, and I now move the adoption of the report and accounts.

Mr. T. O. Callender said he thought no one could possibly be better pleased to see the back of 1909 than those responsible for the management of the Company. It was a year full of trouble and disappointment, full of an immense amount of work which did not bring a proportionate return of profit; but, on the whole, shareholders had to congratulate themselves on the results obtained. When they looked at what had been done by others in the engineering line, in the cable business, and in kindred enterprises, Callender's Company stood out very fairly well with the profits they had been able to secure during the year. He could assure the meeting that it had been a period of the greatest possible trial to the management and to the Board to get such a result as they had obtained. Throughout the whole of this country and throughout the rest of the world—the Colonies and foreign countries—the business on which they were mainly dependent was almost at a standstill. In spite of all, they did the best they could, and the result was not unsatisfactory. They had been troubled with the rubber market and the high price of rubber, and unfortunately did not cover themselves when the price was as low as 2s. or 3s. Still, it had not affected them as much as might be expected. With regard to the present, there had been a distinct improvement in business, and in the demand for cables both at home and abroad, and although they had not an overflowing order book, and were not working right up to the hilt, there was every reason to believe that with a reasonable continuance of good business the result for the year would be satisfactory. He seconded the adoption of the report.

The resolution was carried unanimously, and the usual formal business was transacted.

THE

RUBBER WORLD**MARCH 31.**

SPECIAL INTERVIEW:

SIR FRANK SWETTENHAM, G.C.M.G.**APRIL 7.**

SPECIAL INTERVIEW:

MR. ALEXANDER BETHUNE.**APRIL 14.**

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The Directors and their friends have applied for 500,000 Shares, to be allotted in full.

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DIRECTORS.

E. S. BARING-GOULD, Lew Down, North Devon, Director, Para Electric Railways and Lighting Co., Ltd.
EDWARD BEDFORD, C.E., "Delbrook," Bevedere, Kent, Chairman, Kellas, Ltd.; Kinta Kellas Rubber Estates, Ltd., and Director, Kamoa Rubber Estate, Ltd.
W. HURST BROWN, C.O., 82 Oxford Gardens, London, W.
ALFRED H. SCOTT, M.P., 108 Westbourne Terrace, London, W., Director, Rubber Corporation of Brasil, Ltd.
W. A. WILLS, Salisbury House, London, E.C., Chairman of The Central Java Rubber Plantations, Ltd., and Petoong Java Rubber Estates, Ltd.

BANKERS.

LONDON COUNTY AND WESTMINSTER BANK, LTD., 41 Lothbury, and 21 Lombard Street, London, E.C., and branches.
THE NATIONAL BANK, LTD., 34 College Green, Dublin, and branches in Ireland.

SOLICITORS.

For the Company: **ASHURST, MORRIS, CRISP AND CO.**, 17 Throgmorton Avenue, E.C.
For the Vendors: **W. H. MARTIN AND CO.**, 15 King Street, G.lidhall, London, E.C.

BROKERS.

BROWN BROTHERS, 2a Copthall Court, and Stock Exchange, London, E.C.

PRODUCE BROKERS.

S. FIGGIS AND CO., 44 and 45 Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

AUDITORS.

J. DIX LEWIS, C.E.SAR AND CO., Chartered Accountants, 85 Gresham Street, London, E.C.

SECRETARIES AND OFFICES (pro tem.).

WILLIAM ABBOTT AND CO., 24 Coleman Street, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

ESTATES—TRANSPORT.—This Company has been formed to acquire and carry on as a going concern the important FREEHOLD RUBBER AND COFFEE ESTATES owned by the old-established firms of Herrera and Uribe, Herrera Restrepo Hermanos and Uribe Hermanos, in Colombia, South America, comprising upwards of 400,000 acres and including about 225,000 acres Rubber-bearing lands, together with the Haciendas (Farms), Buildings, Cattle, Horses, Plant, Utensils, &c., thereon. The properties are within easy reach of the Magdalena River, which is the principal navigable thoroughfare of the Republic (and on which river the produce is conveyed for Export to the Port of Colombia alongside the Transatlantic Steamers), and are in direct telegraphic communication with London through the town of Colombia, near which the estates are situated.

For the purposes of this Prospectus one hectare is taken as equivalent to two and a-half acres.

BRAND H. & U. WELL KNOWN.—The Rubber from these Estates has been well known in Mincing Lane for many years under the mark or brand of "H. & U." and has been disposed of at the full market value of the day. This brand is an asset of considerable value to the Company. As above stated, upwards of 375,000 lb. of Rubber have been sold in the London markets alone.

TITLE.—The documents of Title, showing the properties to be Freehold and free from all encumbrances, have been certified by the Colombian authorities as authenticated by H.M. Consul-General at Bogota, and are now in London, and will be duly transferred to this Company, which will thereupon become the absolute owner of the Estates.

Messrs. Herrera and Uribe acquired these Estates many years ago and spent large sums of money in road-making, erecting bridges, haciendas, farmhouses, buildings, &c. In a memorandum dated December 29, 1909, one of the Owners and Managers states that the greater part of \$528,531 (about £105,000) has been expended on the properties and in the development of the business.

Various members of the families owning the properties and occupying prominent positions in the Church and Diplomatic Service are men of wealth, and as their other interests make it impossible for them to give personal supervision to the business, they have decided to transfer their properties to this Company.

NO EXPORT DUTY.—As against the heavy charges imposed by some South American Countries on exported Rubber, THERE IS NO EXPORT DUTY ON RUBBER FROM COLOMBIA, the Government being anxious to attract British Capital to develop the natural resources of the

country. This Company will therefore in this respect **TRADE ON EQUAL TERMS WITH THE MALAY AND OTHER EASTERN RUBBER PRODUCING COMPANIES.**

REPORT.—In order to obtain the latest and fullest information respecting the Properties, Mr. L. A. von Köhler was deputed by the Attorney to the Owners to make an exhaustive report on the actual condition and on the possibilities of the Estates. Mr. von Köhler has resided in Colombia since 1882, and is described by the Colombian Under Secretary of State and Acting Minister for Foreign Relations as "a man of the highest reputation and considered one of the most competent experts on tropical agriculture and stock raising." The statements in the Prospectus are based upon his report dated December 18, 1909, a copy of which accompanies the Prospectus.

CONFIRMATION—VALUATION.—The Directors have obtained an independent confirmation of the above report, and it is therein stated that the land alone exceeds the value of £140,000.

SOURCES OF REVENUE.

RUBBER: NUMBER OF TREES AND YIELD.—Of the Company's large Rubber area of about 225,000 acres, Mr. von Köhler has reported in detail on 47,500 acres only. He divides the Rubber on this area into 12,500 acres of Gray or Pink (Hevea) Rubber, and 35,000 acres of Black (Castilloa) Rubber.

410,000 MATURE TREES.—He estimates that on the 12,500 acres there are 130,000 trees capable of an **IMMEDIATE ANNUAL YIELD** of 1 lb. per tree, or 95 tons (of 2,000 lb.).

Of the 35,000 acres of Castilloa, 7,500 acres have been exploited and the Rubber sold, leaving 27,500 acres with 220,000 Castilloa trees still to be dealt with. These trees, when felled, yield an average of 4 lb. of dry Rubber each, thus giving a total of 880,000 lb. available.

The immediate available yield from the "Gray" or "Pink" Rubber on this small section of the Estates should, as shown above, be about 190,000 lb. per annum.

MAKING TOGETHER 1,070,000 LB. NOW AVAILABLE FOR COLLECTION.

It has, however, been suggested to the Directors that these Castilloa trees should be gradually cut down, such process extending over, say, five years, and as the ground is cleared planted with Hevea trees. Thus, for the next five years (1910-14) "Black" Rubber, 176,000 lb., with "Gray" or "Pink" Rubber, 190,000 lb., make an annual yield, from about one quarter of the Rubber Lands, of

366,000 LB., OR 183 TONS, PER ANNUM.

Some of the trees it is proposed to plant will, therefore, be five years old when the above Castilloa have been dealt with, while the 190,000 "Gray" or "Pink" Rubber trees will be permanently productive.

PLANTATION RUBBER.—Mr. von Köhler (in a separate document) deals fully with the cost of establishing Rubber Plantations in this and other suitable localities on the Estates, and he estimates that the cost of planting and upkeep during the first six years for every 45,000 Hevea Rubber trees planted on 375 acres (150 hectares), 120 trees to the acre, would be \$15,366 gold, or about £3,200; so that, calculating an average yield of only 2 lb. per tree per annum, the Rubber should be produced below the average cost of production on the Malay and other Eastern Estates. The Directors propose to devote out of the working capital, which this issue will produce sufficient funds forthwith to plant about 1,000 acres per annum, and to proceed with further plantations from time to time.

PLANTED TREES.—4,200 PLANTED TREES ARE ALREADY AVAILABLE FOR TAPPING.

In the above calculations the remaining Rubber area of about 175,000 acres has not been taken into consideration. Assuming only 8 trees per acre thereon, there should be about

1,400,000 ADDITIONAL TREES AVAILABLE FOR TAPPING.

BALATA GUM.—BALATA GUM, which is a valuable substitute for Gutta Percha, and is greatly in demand on the London and other markets, is found on not less than 4,000 hectares (10,000 acres) in great abundance, there being as many as 20 trees to the hectare.

The present value of Balata Gum is 4s. 6d. per lb., and assuming that there are 80,000 trees on the Estate, and the customary yield is obtained (which runs up to 10 lb. per tree), the profits on the sale of this Gum should largely add to the Company's revenue.

COFFEE AND COCOA.—There are several valuable COFFEE AND COCOA PLANTATIONS on the Estates. The Coffee sold in 1909 realised on the London market 43s. 6d. to 58s. 6d. per cwt. The Cocoa is sold for local consumption.

OTHER PRODUCTS.—Mr. von Köhler further reports that QUININE BARK TREES are found in considerable quantities, and he deals exhaustively with the large areas (100,000 acres) of pasture lands suitable for CATTLE RAISING, and estimates the revenue from capital invested in this industry at over 20 per cent. per annum.

Large PROFITS are made on the GOODS SOLD to labourers and others on the Estate.

SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES.—The Rubber Estates cover so large an area that the formation of SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES to acquire and work portions of the Company's territory should be another source of considerable profit.

PROFITS.—Taking the low estimate of 3s. per lb. profit on the above-mentioned 366,000 lb.,

AN ANNUAL INCOME OF £54,900 FROM RUBBER ALONE

should be assured, and this from ONLY A QUARTER of the Company's Rubber-growing land and without taking into consideration any of the profit which may be derivable from the other sources of Revenue.

CLIMATE.—There are, according to Mr. von Köhler, three temperature zones on the different properties, and he states "he has lived most of the last twenty years in all these zones, several years being passed in the Savannas, and neither he nor his family have ever had any serious illness"; and, further, that with ordinary attention to hygienic rules, no one runs the risk of contracting fever or tropical diseases.

HACIENDAS AND WAREHOUSES.—Portions of the Estates are in a good state of cultivation for all kinds of tropical produce for the support of the tenants and labourers employed and to be employed. There are eleven "haciendas" on the properties, many of them stocked with valuable cattle and horses, included in the purchase. On one of the Estates, consisting of about 45,000 acres, situated east of the town of Colombia, there are 120 tenants, who not only pay the Company a moderate rental, but are under an agreement to give their services to the owners when needed. One hacienda contains a warehouse for packing and storerooms for rubber, utensils for the Rubber Industry, and a complete stock of all kinds of merchandise for sale to its employees.

LABOUR.—In addition to the information given in the report and the confirmation thereof, the Directors have received from Mr. J. E. Davies a letter dated April 28, 1910, in which he states that, as a large employer of labour in Colombia for twenty years, he "found no difficulty in getting cheap labour at all times."

ROADS, BRIDGES, RIVERS, &c.—A well-constructed road, 28 leagues in length, beginning at the town of Colombia, passing through the town of Uribe, and ending on the plains of San Juan, with eight large bridges over different rivers and streams, besides many smaller ones, crosses the Estate.

MANAGEMENT.—The Estates are at the present time under the management of one of the principal owners, who has, acting under him, a Superintendent Resident Manager.

The Directors have under consideration the names of several suitable and capable Managers, who are well acquainted with the Estate and of the work they would be required to carry out, and the Directors propose to appoint a gentleman they consider the most suitable for the position as soon as the Company has received the Certificate that it is entitled to commence business.

Mr. Roberto Herrera, who resides at Bogota, within a short distance of the Estates, or one other of the present Owners, and who is largely interested as a Shareholder, will, if desired, act as local Director, and as such will be able to watch the Shareholders' interests and report to the London Board.

WORKING CAPITAL.—After payment of the cash portion of the purchase price and the amount payable in respect of expenses incidental to the formation of the Company, and certain promotion payments, a sum of about £50,000 (of which about £30,000 will be in cash and £20,000 in shares held in reserve) will be available for Working Capital.

PURCHASE PRICE.—The purchase price for the property as a going concern, including all haciendas (farms), buildings, cattle, horses, plant, utensils, &c., has been fixed by the Mincing Lane Syndicate, Limited, who are the immediate vendors to and promoters of the Company, at the sum of £140,000, payable as to £50,000 in cash, as to £55,000 by the allotment and issue to the Syndicate or its nominees of 550,000 fully-paid shares of 2s. each in the capital of the Company, and as to £35,000 either in cash or shares or partly in cash and partly in shares at the option of the Company. Out of this purchase consideration the Mincing Lane Syndicate, Limited, will pay to Mr. J. E. Davies, as attorney for the Owners, or to such persons as the Owners may nominate for that purpose, £50,000 in cash, and allot to him or his nominees 500,000 fully-paid shares of the Company, and £5,000 either in cash or shares or partly in cash and partly in shares at the option of the Company, and will also pay £7,500 in cash and £5,000 in shares as set out in an agreement dated April 27, 1910. The Company will take over the property free from encumbrances as from the completion of the purchase.

The minimum subscription upon which the Directors may proceed to allotment has been fixed by the Articles of Association at 1,000 shares, but the Directors will not proceed to allotment on a less subscription than 925,000 shares.

The Company will hold the Estates either through a Trustee, or as the local laws may require.

Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association and of the above-mentioned Contracts and Report can be seen at the offices of the Solicitors to the Company at any time during business hours while the subscription list is open.

A brokerage at the rate of 1½ per cent. will be paid by the Company on shares applied for and allotted upon applications bearing Bankers' or Brokers' stamps.

Application will be made to the Committee of the London Stock Exchange for a settlement in the shares of the Company.

6/-

READY MAY 24th.

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